

spare

Rib

No 21

20p

P 523 / 344

Nemone Lethbridge:

POST NATAL DEPRESSION

WOMEN'S RIGHTS: A PRACTICAL GUIDE

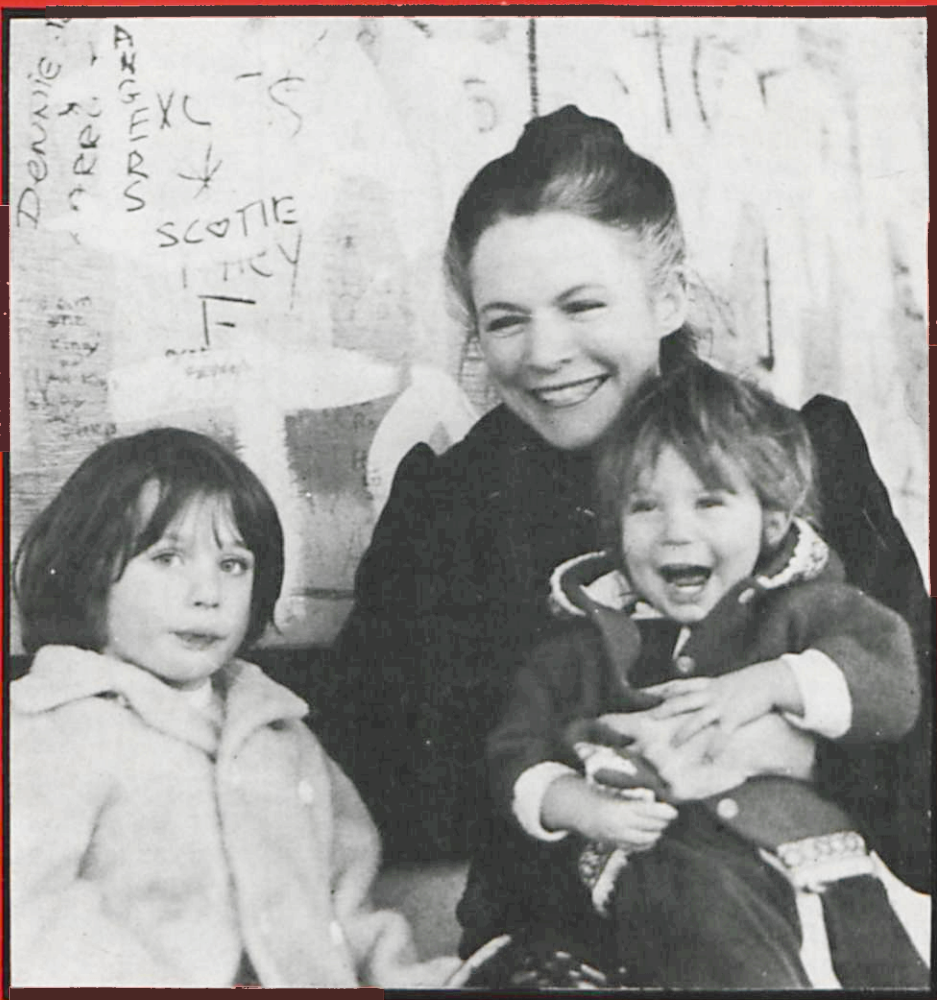
Sheila Rowbotham:

**THE WORKING
CLASS HERO**

**THE MANSFIELD
HOSIERY STRIKE**

Jean Gardiner:

INFLATION



MASTURBATION— no longer a refuge

Look what we found in the new Grattan Catalogue!

This orange safari jacket with all the trimmings—just my style! And a stylish dungaree with contrast-stitched bib pocket, and long-sleeved checked cotton blouse for Alice.

And there are lots more big names and exclusive styles, all through the Grattan fashion pages. Plus other top quality merchandise too, all with easy credit terms and all keenly priced.

And when you're with Grattan, you get commission on everything!

Fill in the coupon and you could bring the very special world of Grattan right into your home.



Grattan

How to fold. Cut out complete advertisement. Fold back at A and across at Band C. Tuck in flap with the Grattan address on the outside.

To: Grattan
East Parade,
Bradford.
Yorkshire,
BD99 7BR

I am interested
in knowing more
about Grattan

Name (Mr, Mrs, Miss) _____
Address _____
Postcode _____
I am not under 18 years of age. _____

106 SR2 LM

Do not affix Postage stamps if posted in
Gt. Britain, Channel Islands or N. Ireland.

Postage
will be
paid by
licensee

BUSINESS REPLY SERVICE
LICENCE NO. BD 7930.

GRATTAN,
EAST PARADE, BRADFORD,
YORKSHIRE, BD99 7BR.

COMPLETE YOUR SET OF RIBS

Nos. 5-19 25p each. Postage and
packaging included.

No.5 - Family Everafter - Michelene
Wandor on the family structure.....

No.6 - What the Revolution has done
for women in Cuba..... Epidurals.....

No.7 - The Liberated Orgasm.....
The Private Hell of Prisoners Wives.....

No.8 - John Bergers unpublished notes
for G.....Abortion, all the facts.....

No.9 - Women in China.....Spare Parts
on laying floor boards and tiles.....

No.10 - Tanya, the only woman who
fought with Che Guevara...Bisexuality...

No.11 - Equal Pay, what the Hell's
going on?...How we rolled the Stones....

No.12 - Sylvia Plath, unknown short
story.....'Women and Madness'.....

No.13 - Why did women become Nazis.....
Do-it-yourself divorce.....

No.14 - Are children loved enough,
too little or too much - maternal
deprivation reassessed.....

No.15 - How do you cope with jealousy...
The new women's studies courses.....

No.16 - Jane Fonda interview.....
....Karate....Self help therapy.....

No.17 - A childrens community centre.....
Women in the music industry.....

No.18 - How the female religion was
stamped out...Choosing the right
analyst.....sex shops.....

No.19 - 'Down Among The Women' Fay
Weldon's novel.....Vaginal Politics.....

PLUS News, Reviews and Spare Parts
AND Regular columns on arts, law,
education, psychology, work, looks, sex,
music and health.....

Letters

Divorce on your own.

Dear Spare Rib,
This is a multi-purpose letter as for some time I have been wanting to thank you for your really excellent magazine. More specifically now, I would like to thank you for your article on do-it-yourself divorce - an extremely helpful lot of information. I did it, myself, yesterday, and in spite of being a bit nervous it just couldn't have been easier. We went in early to watch other cases, all represented by solicitors, all so straightforward that in some cases the solicitor was more of a hindrance than a help. The judge actually seemed quite pleased to be able to take part himself, cutting out the 'middle man'. Please encourage everyone to act for themselves when it's at all feasible. It's time to bring the things that rule our lives down to our own level. Thanks again, I would never have known I could do it without your information.

Last now I would like to ask for a back copy. I don't know the number I'm afraid, but it's the one with John Cleese on the front groping a secretary. I gave my copy to a friend and regretted it ever since.
Love from Jo Ann Crossley,
7 Kingswood Road,
Manchester M25 7AB

Male Midwives

Dear Spare Rib,
I would like to tell you of a small piece of female discrimination against men which I came across recently while I was in hospital after the birth of my son. I was approached by a booming, bosomy lady who informed me that she was conducting an 'impartial survey' into the reaction of post-natal patients to the idea of male midwives and would I mind answering a few 'very personal' questions. From the beginning, she made it perfectly clear the answers which she expected me to give. When I persisted in saying that I would judge a midwife on the way she/he did her/his job, she made strenuous efforts to persuade me to change my mind and finally became quite angry when I still refused to. I was treated to 'It wouldn't be like a doctor at all - he'd only have four years training.' (Only?) 'There might not be a female nurse in the room.'

'How could you allow a man to examine your "private parts"?' and 'But your husband would object, wouldn't he?'

A survey of this sort can hardly be considered impartial. This woman was exceedingly forceful and the vast majority of women are in a peculiarly vulnerable emotional state a few days after the birth of a child. It took me a great deal of courage to stick up for views which I have always firmly believed in. The woman in the bed next to me said afterwards, 'It's not that I object to the idea of a man delivering my baby. It's just that the baby was crying and I felt so exhausted that I thought if I gave her the answers she wanted she might go away and leave me in peace.'

From,
Melanie Harrison,
194 Park Hall Road,
London SE21.

Sex Discrimination

Dear Spare Rib,
I was both extremely disgusted and depressed that your magazine has accepted and printed the classified advertisement appearing on page 23 of the No.18 Edition of Spare Rib. I mean, of course, the 'retired widower' with a 'nice house on the South Coast' who is trying to find a sexual partner (this is what he means) of 'about 35-40 years'. If he is retired he will, at least, be 55 years, even assuming that he was allowed early retirement by his employer. The chances are 90-1 however that he is over 60. Why should a man over 60 be encouraged to seek a woman 20 to 25 his junior in age, ie young enough to be his daughter? By printing this advertisement you are encouraging old men to look for young women to take what could be at best a stupid action, at worst a tragic one - forming an association with a man old enough to be her father instead of a man her own age.

This sort of advertisement, and the attitude of mind behind it, fills doctors' surgeries with women of 40 years and over, divorcees and widows suffering from Depression which the doctor cannot cure because they find that once passed the age of 40 years they are considered 'sexually finished', and their

sexual lives are over. A source of deep and permanent unhappiness to these women whose sexual feelings are often stronger than those of women in their twenties and thirties.

This type of advertisement appears in magazines like the National Advertiser and Time Out but I thought that the purpose of your magazine was to clear people's minds of the traditional prejudices against women, including middle-aged women surely?

That is why I am so disappointed in your action in printing this advertisement. Why not announce that you will only accept advertisements from people wanting partners of their own age, and help to give women a new deal.

Marie Peyton,
14 West Hill Park,
Green Hill,
Winchester, Hants.

We agree that this advertisement helps to perpetuate the idea that women are finished after the age of 40, but feel that it's no use replacing one rule with a similar one.

Isolation and Kids

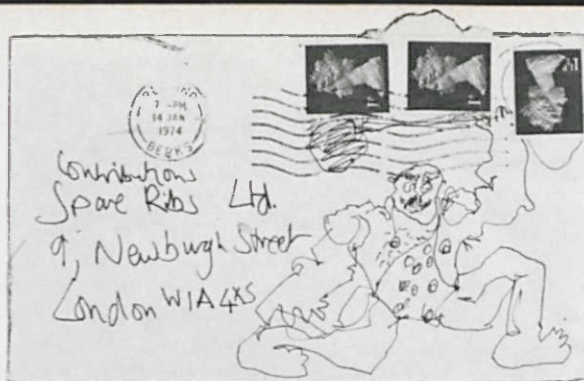
Dear Spare Rib,
I'm sitting here with a carefully compiled list of things I want to ask you about, so I hope that you don't mind becoming an advisory service.

First and foremost, the age old cry - isolation. What do I do. I believe passionately in liberation, I don't want to be an armchair supporter but must do something constructive towards the ends that I demand, but how? I have two small children aged 4 and 1. I am not legally married but have a good relationship with Maurice which is marriage in all but law. Our housing problem was so acute that we mortgaged our principles to buy a house, the repayments of which are so high that there is no question of sharing roles. Maurice must work to pay for the roof over our heads and there is no day nursery in the town. Faced with the choice between daily minder and looking after the kids myself I chose the latter.

Many women I have talked to have agreed with me all along the line, some have a far better understanding of their (our) situations than I had, but as soon as I suggest a group, or mention Women's Liberation, they immediately shy away as though frightened.

Please, what the hell can I do? I know I can't work on my own but seem incapable of getting a group together. If you have any suggestions on how to get women together please tell me. I'm beginning to feel so inadequate that sometimes I wonder whether I shouldn't be striving to fit myself into the wife/mother role better, instead of rejecting it.

Problem Number 2 - the kids. Both my children are girls, the elder one has been at a playgroup since she was three and has just started at the local primary school. I'd never worried too much about how they looked. They wear jeans and sweaters, and have short hair, for their own convenience, and always seemed to like it that way. But since the summer, Kirsti (the 4 year old) has been demanding dresses, long hair, ribbons, bracelets, all the trappings, so that she will 'look like a girl'. It seems that her contemporaries have been laughing at her for looking like a boy. (Incidentally, we only moved here in the summer so these were all children she was only just getting to know and wanting to conform to their group identity.) The school seems to encourage these sex differentiations, so in an acting game that involved shepherds, lions and lambs, the boys were shepherds and lions, the girls were lambs. She has always been used to taking part in all the activities of her peer group - now she appears to spend her time being mummy, in the inevitable 'mummy and daddy' games (she's always called me Alison). She's stopped taking her tricycle to pieces - a long standing favourite - in case she got her clothes and hands dirty. In fact, dirt seems to repulse her at the moment and she spends many hours washing. ►



Letters

The younger girl is, as yet, exploring any and everything. But she is a great copier of her sister and I am afraid that I am going to end up with two stereotyped females of the tender ages of two and five.

Apart from encouragement to be more adventurous and gentle discouragement of the importance of dress, have you any ideas? If anyone has been through the extremely disheartening process of seeing daughters apparently growing into the sort of people they had hoped wouldn't exist in the next generation, I would like their advice. The kids are very young and I know there's plenty of time, but it's so difficult to preach one way of life when, temporarily at least, I'm living another. It must smack of hypocrisy to the kids and I doubt they would understand the pressures that are on me. Much more important, will they understand when they are my age? I must be boring you solid with all this but I have to talk (well, write) to someone who is actually working for liberation rather than just thinking about it.

One last thing. As I said, isolation is the worst part of my present life. I wonder, is there any sort of centre, in London or the South East, where women of the movement meet and talk and I could go and talk to people even though I don't actually know them? Or anywhere I could go and stay even with or without the children. I feel that I'll never get my own thoughts in order if I cannot thrash things out with women who at least sympathise.

I said that was the final thing but there is one other. If you know anyone else in this area could you please send them my address and ask them to contact me. (Or even send me their address if that isn't an invasion of privacy.)

Thanks for reading all this, I'll send a stamp to cover postage for the reply.

Yours in sisterhood,
Alison Cottell,
126 Bohemia Road,
St Leonards on Sea,
Sussex.

We contacted a Women's Liberation group in Brighton who are getting in touch with you. We also hope any readers living in Sussex (hopefully closer to your area), will write to you.

We discussed your worries about your children with other women in a similar position. We feel you can have confidence in yourself and faith in your daughters to grow up with a critical attitude to the female role. One woman, with an eight year old daughter, said that her daughter was happy to throw on jeans and a jumper about four days a week going to school, but also wanted to dress up sometimes like the other girls, with baubles, bangles, the lot. She had panicked, but now feels gentle discouragement is best, as you said, and that it's important to encourage children of both sexes to indulge their desire for pretty clothes rather than repressing such wishes in her daughter.

Penguin has published a paperback in their connexions series called His and Hers. The series are 'topic books for students in schools and colleges of further education.' It examines the concepts of masculinity and femininity, it's well illustrated and clear and could be a good way of discussing your ideas with your daughters' teachers.

Korrect

Dear Spare Rib,
I first chanced upon Spare Rib because of an article in the *Times*. I gingerly asked my newsagent if I could order a copy and he said 'Oh, we've got that in stock.' He made it sound as ordinary as the 'Radio Times', and sent me two consecutive copies that day.

I was shocked by the first one I picked up. It seemed to be obsessed with sex. I feel very strongly that sex has a much more important role to play than is generally overtly acknowledged, but that first issue I read did seem to me to be overdoing it. Then my mind was caught by an interesting factual article, and I read it and thought it over and then read the magazine from cover to cover and felt it was good value for money and something quite new in my experience. If education is opening new windows in the mind, this was part of education.

I find it more and more interesting as I read successive copies. I don't always agree with the articles; sometimes I find them a bit schmalzy and tendentious even; but the general tone is stimulating.

Only one thing worries me:

can't you find someone with a knowledge of English Language, or is that part of the effect you are trying to achieve? I feel downright embarrassed to show to intelligent non-Libbers intelligent articles peppered with 'companys' (pl. of company), 'who's word' (whose word), 'it's' instead of its, because I know ammunition is being put straight into their hands.

And why those narrow columns on so many pages, reminiscent of the books I was given to teach backward readers (not too many words on a line for them to digest, I was told).

However, you fulfil a great need, and I like the plain, matter-of-fact appearance of the magazine. Keep going!

Yours truly,
Alison Fransès,
Stoke on Trent, Staffs.

Our spelling is bad but may we ask you to use the word 'liberation' in full. The word 'Lib' is derogatory. At least bad spelling does not distort the meaning of a word. Liberation is too precious, the struggle for freedom is the struggle for the right to control our destinies. There is nothing glib about liberation.

Up the Civil Service?

Dear Spare Rib,
I feel your article 'Sex objects - surprise statistics' in Issue No.19 seriously misrepresents the civil service.

Robert Taylor asks, 'Why should a male clerk employed in the civil service, for instance, earn on average £28.8 a week for a 38.7 hour week, while a

women in the same job classification can expect to get, on average, £23.3 a week for a 37.1 hour week? In fact, men and women in the civil service receive equal pay. However, the salary scales are based on age, and this is how the above discrepancy arises. The average age of women in the clerical grade is less than that of men, simply because the men have to make a career of it, while a large number of women work only for a couple of years before leaving to get married. (And who can blame them? Neither men nor women in the clerical grades have very exciting jobs.) I am, of course, in full agreement with the main point of the article; women are exploited in most fields. But please be fair. The civil service gives women a better deal than many professions. Conditions are not perfect, there are still some battles to be won, but we do have equal pay, generous maternity leave, for single as well as married women, and, in recent years, equal opportunity with men (in principal, at any rate - I haven't been in the service long enough to see how it works in practice.)

Yours,
Susan Startin,
Greenside,
Ryton, Co Durham

Apologies

We apologise to Brenda Jacques who took the photograph on page 23, issue 18, of two women from Bristol Women's Liberation laying a wreath on the Cenotaph in Bristol City Centre on October 8th in memory of all women who have died from illegal abortions. By mistake we credited the picture to Brian Simson.

SUBSCRIBE.

I enclose cheque/PO for £3.12 for 12 issues of Spare Rib made payable to New English Library, Barnards Inn, Holborn, London, EC1.

Name

Address

spare Rib

Cover photograph of Nemone Lethbridge,
Ragnar and Milo at Highbury Fields.
by Clive Cockerton

Letters 3, 4, 6.

Sex 7

Masturbation - No Longer a Refuge: by Marsha Rowe. The first in a series of articles which will reflect our changed attitude to the sex column.

Psychology 10

The Stuff of Dreams: Carol Morrell discusses the biological and psychological basis of dreams.

Work 13

Nursery Nurses. We Want Our Own Union: Two years' training and look where it gets you by Lucy, Eleanor and Dorothy.

Looks 16

Television Talkies: Rose Ades went on a discussion programme about women's liberation. It turned out to be a horrific farce.

News 17

Nemone Lethbridge on the 'Baby Blues'.

Further education students talking about BBC TV's 'Women and Work'.

Women in Struggle: The Mansfield Hosiery Strike: 'Why Miss Middlesex': Medicine against sexism. Judy Kirby on the Mythology of Shoplifting.

Short List

Spare Parts 28

Printing at Home: by Stephanie Gilbert.

Law 32

Women's Rights: Angela Phillips interviews Tess Gill and Anna Coote about their new handbook.

Information 33

Medical 34

Self examination—Why it's so important: by Angela Briggs

Arts 36

Underground Women: Griselda Pollock unearths women painters in the National Gallery basement.

Reviews Film: 40 Carats reviewed by Lyn Gambles.

40 Books: 'The Silent Majority' reviewed by Sheila Rowbotham. 'Monster', poems by Robin Morgan, and 'Marilyn'.

43 Theatre: 'The Ride Across Lake Constance' Micheline Wandor questions the aims of Peter Handke's latest play.

43 Music: Billie Holiday - 'Voice of Jazz'.

Music 44

'He plays with real mammary!' Drummer Ginni Whitaker and keyboards player, Dorothy Moscowitz, of Country Joe's All Star Band expose the Masculine Musician trip.

Comic 47

Li-Shuangshuang: Disappears.

Please send a stamped addressed envelope with all unsolicited manuscripts.

Spare Rib: Published monthly by Spare Ribs Ltd, 9 Newburgh St, London W1A 4XS. Printed by J.H. Paull Ltd, 23 Dod St, London E14. Typesetting by Seventy Set Ltd, 161 Lavender Hill, London SW11. Distributed by New English Library, Barnards Inn, Holborn, London EC1. Copyright here and abroad in all news, feature articles and photographs is held by Spare Ribs Ltd. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article is forbidden save with the express permission of Spare Ribs Ltd.

Spare Rib collective: Rose Ades, Pat Kahn, Marion Fudger, Rosie Parker, Marsha Rowe, Julia Shaw, Ann Scott and Sally Doust.

Letters cont'd.

Women now Guardians

Dear Spare Rib,
Why can't married women have equal rights to their children. The written word is the law, the words say a man has the right to his children and the right to decide their religious beliefs. The word women is not written into the law. It should read men and women have equal rights to their children. The judges and courts are not the law, they are administrators of it. This means a man can marry, have children, divorce, get custody of the children, marry again, have more children, and so on.

There is an argument going on in our office. My colleagues say the law has changed. They say women have equal rights to the children. I say no. The children belong to the husband only because of the way the law is worded.

Could you settle this matter once and for all.

Mary Dew,
281 Upper Elmens End Rd,
Beckenham, Kent

In 1971 women were given equal rights with men to be the guardians of their children.

Contraception and the Law

Dear Spare Rib,

I felt nearly as angry as Sarah Mottershead when I read her letter 'Discrimination in Marriage', Issue No. 18. It seems totally wrong that anyone should have control over another person's body.

However, I was curious about one aspect of this law, that is, 'Can a wife prevent her husband having a vasectomy?'

If Spare Rib knows anything about this aspect could they please put in a line in the next issue.

Yours sincerely,
Elizabeth Ayres,
24 Letchmore Road
Radlett, Herts.



We received the following letter also, which says the law is ambiguous. What are other readers' experiences?

Dear Spare Rib,

I think that Sarah Mottershead's friend appears to have been slightly misled by the Family Planning Association. In her letter 'Discrimination and marriage (Spare Rib 18) she writes that her friend was told by the FPA that a husband's

permission is required before a woman can be fitted with an IUD. She says that the friend was advised that the husband's permission is required because he has the right to have children by his legal wife. The law is in fact far from clear in this matter.

In general it is the consent of the person concerned that is required before any medical treatment is carried out. As long as the person is aged 16 or over, and is not detained under section 26 of the Mental Health Act, it is the person who is to be subject to the treatment who gives the permission. It is therefore unnecessary in law for the doctor to have to obtain the consent of parents in order to perform an abortion or to give contraception to a girl who has attained the age of 16. Many doctors may wish to consult the parents, for they may feel that they have a duty to do so, but the doctor must always seek the approval of the girl before he raises the matter with the parents. In any case, their consent or refusal to give it, has no legal validity.

Under the age of 16 the girl has fewer rights. Under this age the parents have to be consulted even if the girl forbids the doctor to do so. In such a case the written consent of the parents should be obtained. But in the case of abortion their refusal would not always prevent a termination which is considered clinically necessary and to which the patient herself consents. In theory the parents could sue for assault on their daughter but it is unlikely that such a claim would succeed. Conversely, even under the age of 16 a termination cannot be forced on a girl against her wishes, even if the parents request it.

As for marriage, the individual surrenders none of her or his rights as far as medical treatment is concerned. It is from the patient and not the spouse that consent for any medical procedure is to be obtained. Whether the woman is married or not the consent of the father is not needed for an abortion. Most doctors will try to take account of the wishes of the father, although ultimately the consent lies with the woman. The doctor may be particularly anxious to discuss the matter with the father if the proposed termination is because

of a risk of injury to the physical or mental health of any existing children of the family. But the doctor should not even discuss the matter with the father without the permission of the mother. If he does, this is a breach of professional secrecy.

The reason the law is not too clear on consent to contraception is that some lawyers are of the opinion that a husband might have a legal right to the opportunity of having children by his wife. The advice lawyers give to doctors tends to be conservative. With sterilisation for example, one doctors' legal defence union advises that if the wife and husband are living together then the husband should be informed of the nature of the operation (I hope the same would hold if it was the husband who was to be sterilised). If the operation was to be carried out solely for medical reasons then the consent of the spouse is not required in law. A less conservative view was expressed by Lord Aberdare in a reply to a question in the House of Lords recently when he said that 'I am advised that there is no legal requirement under English or Scottish law that the consent of the spouse must be obtained for the sterilisation of the partner.'

If the consent of the spouse is not needed for sterilisation, which is rarely reversible, then it should not be needed for an IUD - which is a reversible contraceptive technique. Yet the same legal defence union for doctors advises doctors that before the fitting of the device they should have 'reason to believe that the husband has consented' or that the device is necessary for the proper treatment of the wife - that is, it is medically necessary. In the case of the pill, doctors are advised that it is not necessary to obtain the consent of the husband.

As I have said, the law is not too clear and what I have given above is the *advice* that doctors are given by their legal advisors.

If ever a doctor does appear to have been dishonest in any of these matters, or about any other medical matter, a complaint can be made to the Local Executive Council (after April 1974 the local Family Practitioner Committee) whose address is on every medical card, or to the General Medical Council, 44 Hallam Street, London W1.

If the FPA does give out the advice that the permission of the husband is required because the husband has a legal right to have children by his wife, then they would appear to be taking an extremely cautious approach for it is yet to be established that he does have this right. It may very well be FPA policy to seek the consent of the husband, but such consent is not required in law.

The problem for the patient when dealing with doctors, whether the patient is a man or a woman, is that it is hard to find out what the law is on such matters, without relying only on what the doctor says. I should be interested to hear from anyone who has had any difficult experiences with doctors.

Yours faithfully,
Gerry Stimson,
7 Woodlands Terrace,
Swansea, Glamorgan.

Coils and Husbands

Dear Spare Rib,

I was glad that you published the letter from my daughter Susan, about the dangers of the coil. Another daughter has had similar experience with the Pill and we think that such experiences ought to be collected and statistically evaluated. Both my daughters know any number of such cases. At the same time the Establishment bods carry on publishing books and articles about how safe such devices are. Could you perhaps ask for letters from readers about this?

I enjoy your magazine more than any I've ever read, even though I've not met any 'liberated women', I consider I've been one all my life but detest labels. I also think women still have a long way to go. Even the man I live with, who is kindness itself, never encourages me to work (I am a ceramic sculptress), this is the one sorrow in my life. I don't know if he is secretly jealous, or simply unaware that I need encouragement. We've had many discussions about this, and he always denies his attitude of indifference or even hostility, but so far he has never yet said, 'Are you working today?', or 'How are you getting on?'. It is as if my work was a nasty disease. I wonder if other women have this experience.

Yours sincerely,
Margaret Pryce-Barn,
103 High Street,
Weston, Bute.

When we began the column labelled sex, we were, in a sense, not coping with the sorts of things we wanted to discuss, the sorts of problems we talked about together when we met in Spare Rib office. We swept our doubts under the carpet and hoped the letters we received and which Anna Raeburn agreed to answer would be factual, biological questions rather than emotional. Of course, they were emotional and we ourselves got very emotional in our discussions about what to do. At an editorial meeting in December, we decided that Anna could no longer be expected to hand out answers to problems, like a doctor giving valium to a housewife, and thought we might all write down anonymously what we liked and what we didn't like our sexual partners to do. However, that was basically the same approach and rested on an understanding of our sexuality

than was still passive.

There is always a danger that we rationalise our feelings rather than try and understand what they are telling us. We are going to write about ourselves, placing our sexuality as women in our personal and social history. In this way, we hope to find out what we express about ourselves in our sexual relations, what has conditioned us in the past and what conditions affect us now. How can we change and help men to change as well. How much do our bodies generally, rather than genitally, reflect what is going on in both the private and the public world.

Anna will continue to answer letters and we will continue to publish them. She will also be writing about herself and we hope to publish biological data that is, at last, being revealed about our bodies and how they work.

MASTURBATION

—no longer a refuge

Marsha Rowe

Having emerged from a cocoon of fear, I've tried to understand the paradox. Inside this net, I continually ran away from love, from closeness with other people, and watched the world with eyes glaring from a dark corner. Yet I spun the web myself. I fed on it. Seen from the outside, I was a normal woman. Seen from my side, life was composed of abnormal feelings which considered my role abominable.

Respect for my father's authority rested on how deeply fear had been instilled into me, an insecurity which did not allow me to question the nature of things, the accepted order of his patriarchy, my mother's servility towards him, and the debt I owed them for their hard work and sacrifice in bringing me up. A set of personal relations within the family which reflected the relationship of the family to the outside world, and a replica of the religious moral code that supported it. Rejection of the notion of god left me no alternative way of understanding the world since I was not allowed to control my own life. My imagination was full of empty spaces, unfulfilled needs and desires which could easily be manipulated by



ideas of romantic love and cling to objects like nail varnish painting an external world of beauty and love that I lacked.

I developed a style of living where I outwardly rejected my parents' behaviour and signalled this in my dress, the food I ate, the books I read and the music I listened to. Inwardly, I squirmed with guilt. This other world, surrounded by objects that fulfilled my fantasies, left me just as unsatisfied and my relations with men were no different from my mother's subordination to my father.

Masturbation kept me in touch with myself. I have tried to think how I grew up and how my relationship to my orgasm was a refuge from family discipline and my inner chaos. My sexual relations with men were the final irony, where I could come easily, but in doing so escaped from touching them or their touching me. I did not connect my orgasm with my body, but thought of it in a religious sense, reasserting ideas like 'the ultimate mystery', elevating it to a position of worship and ludicrous meaninglessness. Feeling it now, rocked by my body and caused by actual physiological processes that express also a communication with someone, is totally different. I can consider abandoning control, losing it and getting it back again together with someone is a joyous experience.

I don't think it can be learned by 'curing the symptoms', either Reich's assertion of the mechanistic function of the orgasm or by the invasion of technology, giving us tools to do what our bodies can't. Both approaches are better than frustration, but we need to develop sexual relations with men where they will confront the sexism in their attitudes to their cocks and its allied concept of conquering power.

The child's first sensual relationship is to the person who cares for it. It sucks milk, is bathed and clothed and tucked in, and uses this circle of warmth as a basis from which to begin looking outwards. It is both a passive and active relationship. The baby submits in trust to care of its body and develops an active consciousness of itself in the process. The baby also demands attention and nurture. It begins to understand it has more than a series of holes with different functions and grabbing limbs, and develops a sense of wholeness. When this learning to feel whole is interrupted by punishment, timing, trying to open and close the holes when it's told, the first year of its life can also be a bit disorienting.

My younger brothers sometimes peed on me when I bathed them. I don't suppose I could have done that so expertly to my mother. It was something they looked surprised about, then chuckled that they, 2 ft long and lying flat and helpless on the chest of drawers, could use all parts of their body to communicate with me, twice their size. I cannot remember that far back, but I can remember my brothers gradually learning about their own bodies and taking this very seriously. As they began to sit up in the bath and splash the water about, I lost my fear that their heads might fall flat against their backs if I didn't hold them up, and their hands touched their bodies as much as I did when I washed them.

This sensuous, messy, tentative, exploratory, caring relationship was taken away. As my brothers became more self-reliant, like me and my sister before them, they were no longer treated like babies but as members of a family. Touching, oneself or other people, was now forbidden. Rather, it was withdrawn slowly and painfully. There were rewards, the discovery that independence meant being able to fulfill your own needs instead of waiting for other people to notice them, and the discovery that you could actually manipulate objects in the world. But love, in the process, gets a bit confusing. Touching went from the realm of gentleness, an all-in-one caring that meant you were wanted, to a number of different, seemingly non-related actions.

The child's horizon broadens and the mother, the father and

brothers and sisters are now a more clearly defined group with definite roles to play. In a respectable family, touching goes on in strange ways. Loving interest in your body and that of others is ruled out as nasty, sentimental and embarrassing. Since my father never washed me, and no longer had to carry me, he never touched me. We circled round one another from a distance, rings of tension that were never relaxed until they exploded into punishment. A touch was a hit. More simply, my mother's touch became confined to a mode of learning, acts of constraint, an education that denied self-expression and stressed that love meant being good enough to escape punishment.

So, from a tightly-knit pair where the sensual relationship was reciprocal, and love was assumed by the very fact that you existed, the relationship moved onto another sphere. The new world was one of rules. The new world was security but not love. I knew my mother loved me because she fed me, but I could only receive the food if I behaved properly. To the child, good behaviour seems meaningless since - even when it's explained in terms of caring for others - the caring seems all one way. What words are there to explain you don't like eating fat, it's good for your mother to watch you eating it but your body repulses it and you learn to hide it under the table rather than risk her anger. Lots of bits of you get hidden under the table. The table is there, as solid as the rules for your identity, and sometimes it seems you have lost yourself forever underneath it. However, there's another retreat, one where your creativity is not dismissed as a nuisance. Since no one else touches you lovingly, you can carry on the investigation of your body on your own. This can't be done in public. You discover a certain amount of pleasure in dressing and bathing, activities which are sometimes shared, like eating, with other members of the family again according to a certain code, but real excitement, joy, love in one's body gets confined to masturbation. Secret parts of your body give you pleasure in secret places.

There can be a way of sharing this pleasure, with brothers and sisters, other children. As a gang, the kids who played together, we had a lot of space in which to escape adult's eyes. Sex permeated all our games and was one way of discovering who we were and how we related to one another. We realised we could share an intoxicating freedom within a limited time span, and although we never talked about it, were united in devious methods of hiding our sexuality from our parents. With boys I played in the bushes, with girls we sometimes dared in the bedroom as well. It was never a matter for discussion, but a fascination that contained its own momentum. Mostly being the active partner with younger girls or boys, the passive partner with older ones, and lots of muddles in between, I also masturbated frequently.

However, one by one, we watched our peers get punished. We began to withdraw from shared pleasure and guilt deepened. You could be the cause of your friend's punishment or the recipient of your parents' disgust. I stopped doing it with my sister, we stopped talking about it together, and individually carried on our shameful acts under the bed clothes.

As we came into contact with other worlds, kindergarten, primary and high school, no longer kids to run wild, the rules governed most of our day. In the early stages there'd been a lot of time to live out fantasy, but gradually I had to put even my imagination to work in set laws. Sums, history, grammar, drummed in to the point of distraction. Loving kindness I'd already learned meant obedience and I took this passivity to school and home again. In class, kids stole glances at one another in fear, our games got more anxious, we sometimes hurt one another deliberately. The lives of adults, meaningless facts, multiplied and invaded me until the only bit of safe ground was sex. That is, sex for myself and me alone. Sometimes in class, and nearly every night, I consoled my body for the damage done to my identity and dissolved the split in a moment of ecstasy.

In the second stage of primary school boys and girls were separated. Already on the alert for how school would further reinforce our suspicions, this division was another senseless imposition. So we wondered how the opposite sex were coping with teachers, what games they were playing now. We met once a week for folk dancing. Playing together was obviously considered so dangerous we could only do it under more rules. Prancing, stilted, we carried out this parody of adult behaviour awkwardly, and relaxed amongst ourselves in relief after each weekly bout. There was music and watchful adult eyes but not romance. Our mother's eye was still the one we hoped would signal love. As a sex, withdrawn from the other, we had however become a mystery.

Going to high school emphasised this. There a new physical

language opened up, based on becoming an object, a sense of how we looked to others. By 12-13, my childhood self was banished and a new self was learning to behave like a teenage girl, tightening belts, walking past boys in the milk bar, and worrying about pimples. Staring in the mirror, staring at my hands in class, conscious of the mirror in other people's eyes, I retreated as far as possible from these reflections. Unable to escape them really, I decided to hide. My skin was an ugly growth concealing yet perhaps revealing all sorts of horrors. I became conscious, for the first time, of contractions after orgasm. They shuddered through me. With the concentration of a child, I had to make sure the vibrations hadn't rocked the room round me as well. They must show, someone must hear them. For a while I was too scared to masturbate. Then I realised, just like most of my feelings, no one could see them. My body was like the table, behaving stiffly and correctly and I could hide what I liked underneath it.

I must confuse the world more by decorating the table with as many distracting objects as possible. I got obsessed with things that helped me do this, clothes, make-up, hair styles. I smudged stolen lipstick on my yellow cheeks, and secretly bleached the top of my hair lying it was caused by the sun.

It became harder to concentrate at school. Our girlish group cohesiveness began to dissolve as we measured up against one another. Who got their periods, when, how big were your breasts going to be. The real exams seemed to be taking place in our bodies and we couldn't talk about them. We hid our messy sanitary napkins and our messy feelings from each other. We expressed our feelings by translating them into jokes about sex, hatred of teachers, and jealousy about best friends. Our hands dangled. We weren't honest with one another, going through private nightmares about sex totally alone.

The words we used and the clothes we adopted were all expressions of types of institutions that governed our lives. At various points we might connect and express ourselves through these structures, forcing out your own opinions sometimes in an essay, having a preference for the most faded and therefore the most like you, of your school uniforms, but mostly we had been overtaken. Discussions about careers were never serious, and leaving or staying at school depended on your parents' finances. An extra couple of years were some kind of extended holiday rather than preparation for a future. The future was to be judged on our social behaviour and what sort of guy you'd end up with. Resentment was never conscious because we had nothing to compare ourselves with. Women were teachers, our mothers, or the girls we were growing up with. Women in books and films were fantasies and the only bits of media that seemed to tie up the adult and the teenage world were records or magazines. One gave us images of sex mingled with pain, violence and romance, the other gave us a crisp clean version of how to dress and cope with our bodies which never discussed them except to distort them. Sweaty armpits, hairy cunts, blood on your clothes. We put a lot of effort into cleaning ourselves up so we'd be nice enough to go out with and learning about posh clothes to escape our state school background.

The more disoriented I grew, the more I resorted to private sex. As we drifted towards boys and apart from each other, we invested so much of ourselves in our sexual feelings that we were always ready to collapse into them and that was the trouble. No one knew what to do. As girls we couldn't move. Pretending we didn't know what we were doing, we would fumble with boys in the dark by the gate. This fumbling hardly ever lead to orgasms. We would grab each other, close our eyes too scared to see each other's ignorance, and twist vainly around. I'd get back home, inside I'd breathe again, I would regain the use of my hands and relieve my frustration as soon as possible.

Warnings about letting boys go too far, how they would suffer and couldn't help themselves, how period pains were the result of getting aroused. More words that isolated me. About others, yet about myself.

Cut off from a world of touching for so many years, I yearned to be loved and caressed. I began to rediscover my body through the eyes of others. I could not look in the mirror and see myself. I was one dimensional and hidden in the dark, but I could see myself in how boys reacted to me. We flaunted this desire for one another in front of our parents, defiant that our love could make up for their hatred. So we investigated each other. I slowly connected my pleasure in my own body with the pleasure of others, but it wasn't a simple matter of doing. This part of me where I'd felt most myself, had to be passive. It recharged the contradictions in the world as I experienced it, and gave them new energy to destroy me.

Years before I recoiled at the thought a cock would enter me. My ambiguous relation to its implications for my future and the fact that it had been the cause of my sister's birth and my subsequent feelings of jealousy, had meant I'd buried the information. At 16 I discovered the words 'masturbation' and 'orgasm' and could no longer ignore the fact that boys and girls were meant to have orgasms together. My suspicions were justified. The intense feelings of selves uniting, dying in pleasure and coming back to earth was not the me I thought it was. As I'd put more concentration into hiding and enjoying my secret over the years, it had become a precious haven of love and nourishment, and now it seemed its purpose was to get me pregnant. My pride exploded. They were not going to invade me and use that one bit of me I'd kept from childhood. I agreed with the orders from my parents, I would remain a virgin.

The next year, we began to go out with boys in cars. This meant freedom to explore one another more easily, but I was tied up in knots. Wanting it desperately and being unable to make any direct move towards getting it. My sexuality got tangled up in my underclothes, my barrier against total invasion. Furious rows developed with boys out of our common frustration. One day in a flat with a boyfriend, it happened. He pushed it all the way in and I thought a bullet had shot me apart. There was blood on the bed to prove it. I was now destroyed, I thought, owned by the outside world completely. I'd been seeing this boy for 18 months, he was as skinny as me and we liked each other, but I never wanted to see him again. I spent months denying it had happened, closing in on the secret, wrapping it up in fear.

I began to look for someone who embodied the things I'd lost forever. I often got drunk at parties and wondered out into the streets and through the suburbs on my own, staring at the houses and fences, the blindness of the trapped, and the city, imprisoned me. There was no way of understanding why I raged, or expressing it except in hysteria. I didn't talk about this to anyone. I guess it was very romantic.

Eventually I identified with a boy younger than me. He'd run away from home, school, 4 years before with a sophisticated homosexual who was now ordering him about, no longer enjoying his company except as a lackey. Both of us, bruised, met, and found ourselves again in confused love making. He fucked me for 2 weeks leaving me unsatisfied, but I enjoyed his company and we desperately needed to share our loneliness. I realised it was up to me to get some satisfaction, and heaved like him until I did so. It was violent and he was big and heavy, but as we developed openness with one another and confidence in ourselves as a pair, we experimented in changing sexual roles. His gay experience meant he had not hidden all his feelings and enjoyed passivity also, but it also meant he needed to assert manliness with me to reassure himself. He went into a fury of jealous rage if I saw old friends and I gave up arguing and eventually succumbed. Puzzled by his jealousy, yet I lived with his insecurity and tried to hide my own inferiority in building up his confidence.

He painted pictures while I worked as a secretary. We talked about colours and aesthetics and went crazy into music and set ourselves apart from the rest of society. Drunk on our non-conformity, we in fact acted out roles exactly as we'd learned them in our families. We hadn't escaped at all. We treated each other as husband and wife, and got angry about trivialities. I could sense I was acting like my mother, my boyfriend was always right. I cooked and cleaned for him and the more we tried to cover this guilty secret in romantic clothes and eccentric behaviour, the more frantically we etched ourselves into the grooves. I stopped enjoying fucking. I became a flat body with a hole and every time he came

Continued on p12



the stuff of dreams

The Bible, psychoanalysis and love songs have one thing in common - a concern with dreams and dreaming. Women, too, are associated with an interest in dreams. But how seriously should we take our dreams? Carol Morrell discusses these questions in the light of the theory that dreams are both a physical and an emotional necessity for us.

I believe that most women's interest in dreams is a reflection of their social situation - lack of power - and that we use this interest, as we do a concern with the occult, as a sort of escape-hatch from everyday reality. (The reality is pretty bad, I agree) This sort of interest is what males have always attributed to us. The Christian tradition presented women with two possible roles; Mary Mother and Mary Magdalene. Our choices now are more varied but the stereotypes persist; and our reasons for choosing to appear 'the spiritual' (inessential unreal) being who transcends the mundane, rather than to appear the 'whore' don't have to be explained.

The sleep research

Sleep researchers have discovered two sorts of sleep. Using an electro-encephalogram (EEG), they charted the course of electrical impulses in the brain during sleep and wakefulness. The EEG produces wavy pen lines on long sheets of paper continuously passing through the machine, which is attached by discs and wires to the volunteer's face and scalp. Orthodox sleep - the sort we think of when we say "sleep" - produces big even EEG curves, and is accompanied by a slowed blood rate, even breathing, and various other quiet body states, including a lack of movement in the muscles of the closed eyes. But another pattern interrupts

these regular EEG curves periodically - usually 4 to 6 times during an average night's sleep. The EEG recordings then become sharper and shorter, indicating that greater electrical activity is happening in the brain. Physically, the heart beats more irregularly than during orthodox sleep, more blood flows through the brain, a muscle paralysis occurs, and the eyes display observable and rapid movements. This sort of sleep is called paradoxical or rapid-eye-movement sleep (REM sleep). It is during these bursts of electrical activity in the brain that we dream. This fact was discovered by waking volunteers just after the eye movements began: they described dreams much more often than when they were wakened from orthodox sleep. There is some evidence that "Thinking" goes on during orthodox sleep: it is then that people sleep-walk, and also then that the mundane dreams which recount the previous day's activities occur. But it is accurate to say that the more vivid dreams, including nightmares, that is, the dreams we recall because of their disturbing nature, occur during REM sleep.

Dreaming Sleep a Biological Necessity

The various discoveries made about REM sleep throw new and scientific light on dreaming. Take the muscle paralysis that sets in as REM sleep occurs. One of the chemicals released into the blood during REM sleep makes certain that the body part we are dreaming about doesn't move so violently in fact as it is doing in the dream. This lets us sleep through active dreams. If you dream of throwing a stone, your arm may twitch, but will not move enough to wake you. In those dreams of impending disaster, towards which we are helplessly propelled; and in dreams of approaching monsters we cannot run away from: the paralysis we feel is physically real. Paradoxically, the paralysis tends to increase the fear experienced in such nightmares, until we wake, perhaps finally thrashing about.

Some volunteers were selectively deprived of REM sleep, night after night. Their daytime behaviour wasn't changed any more significantly than we would expect from anyone who had suffered sleep loss. They

showed no serious behaviour disorders, only slight irritability and slight fatigue. But, on the first night they were allowed to sleep without any interruptions, they took a great deal more REM sleep than if their dreams hadn't been interrupted on previous nights. As if the brain were making up a loss.

Also, various drugs inhibit the REM sleep. Barbiturates, amphetamines, some anti-depressants, heroin, if taken for a brief time, all suppress REM sleep entirely. If any of these drugs is taken over a long period, the brain chemistry adapts itself, and REM sleep appears again. But once these drugs have been removed from the system, REM sleep increases enormously for the first few non-drugged nights. This "compensating" REM sleep is accompanied by intense dreams and nightmares: after coming off one of these drugs or large amounts of alcohol, it takes about 2 months for normal sleep patterns to become re-established. Sleeping pills of the barbiturate sort and the other drugs mentioned are addictive *partly* because the process of returning to normal sleep exhausting and terrifying.

It is now thought that REM sleep functions to restore brain cells, orthodox sleep to restore other body cells which are being depleted through physical use. This belief is based on several facts. Babies, in the first months, take a great amount of REM sleep. They can't be dreaming, as we think of dreaming, because they have neither memory nor vision: but their brains are growing and developing. Blind people have REM sleep too: they don't "see", but their eyes move rapidly in REM sleep, and the electrical impulses picked up by the EEG are the same as normal people's. Unless, of course, the blind person has suffered severe damage to the underlying nerves and muscles of the eye. The very elderly and the senile experience almost no REM sleep at all. Their brain cells are in a state of decline, leading to ultimate decay. So, it isn't correct to say that we need to dream, or that dreams restore brain tissues. *It is the physiological, chemical process of brain cell restoration which causes dreaming as well as the other physical symptoms.*

Physiology versus psychology?

Do these physiological discoveries make symbolic interpretation of dreams all non-

dreams

dreams

sense? Is it really a matter of the chemical process underlying REM sleep activating certain brain cells, and certain traces of memories, which are then strung together quite by chance into what we call a dream? Do dreams have no more meaning than that?

Dreams do mean more than a random association of memories. *The physiological and symbolic theories of dreams inter-relate. If we see that REM sleep is basically a chemical process to repair and build brain cells, we can take the next step to see that the cells which are most in need of repair are those which store painful memories, emotional or intellectual problems.* I should add that this is not yet a proven fact. It is a guess made by some researchers, which seems to follow physiological facts and also to take some sense of dreams as we experience them.

If a troubling dream occurs again and again, we may be sure that some dilemma still exists. We may push problems out of sight, out of mind, but they are "recorded" as it were, in the brain cells. A new event may stimulate a memory of a similar but forgotten problem, leaving us confused. That night, or soon after, a dream may occur, reminding us of the correspondence between the old and new problems. It will remind us that something hasn't been resolved. Of course, there are many sorts of dreams as well as many possible interpretations for each dream. But it seems most useful to some theorists, and to me, to regard dreams as potentially creatively problem-solving, both in the physiological and psychological senses.

A Cautionary Tale

J.A. Hadfield analyses many dreams as attempts to solve problems in his book *Dreams and Nightmares* (Pelican Books, 1973). He explains that any one theory of dream interpretation, for instance pure Freudian or pure Jungian, is likely to be partial, either not taking account of all the parts of the dream or of the dream's specific meaning to the dreamer. The most misleading statements about dreams say: "if you dream of a house it means ... a snake means ... all dreams are wish-fulfilling ..." etc. And, while there is certainly a common fund of symbols in any culture, such cultural explanations are

meaningless if using them involves ignoring the dreamer's private fund of symbols. How and why we dream in symbols is too large a topic for me to talk about here. I recommend Dr. Hadfield's book for a clear explanation.

I have had a bad experience using the Gestalt method of dream interpretation. Not that Gestalt doesn't work well, and achieve results, I think it can. And I've used its basic approach to analyse the dream which follows. According to the Gestalt idea, every person and thing in a dream represents an aspect of the dreamer's personality. Each dream character will behave in one specific manner in a dream, which is the outward projection of one of our own characteristics.

Needless to say, this can be frightening. Walking down a Soho street in a fog of my own, analysing a bad dream of the previous night, I got to the point of identifying myself with the rapist in the dream. That idea upset me so much I inadvertently walked in front of a moving car. Unhurt but shaken, I put the dream immediately out of mind and now can't recall it at all. It might have had something important to say to me, but it's lost. I don't mean to say that thinking of myself as a rapist is healthy: but if I were able to put that bit in the context of the whole dream, it might have proved not so unacceptable. The problem was, I was using, alone and upset, a rather brutal and superficial method *against* myself. It's in cases like this that our "defences", so belittled by many therapists, serve us. They defend. Until we're actually able to absorb and use a new idea about ourselves.

Gestalt is great for its immediate clarity: but there are dangers using it alone when you're not quite in sympathy with yourself. A better method I've developed, is waking from a dream and writing it out in all its detail. Once it is preserved this way, I can forget it temporarily so that I can get on with my day untroubled. When I feel relaxed and interested, I can come back to it, and use the Gestalt or any other method to help me understand. Dream patterns preserved over a period of months can say a lot about emotional progress or lack of it.



A Dream Interpreted

Let's interpret an ordinary dream as being a

symbolic attempt to solve a problem. I must add that not every dream *achieves* a solution: but the dream will indicate what the problem is and move towards a solution.

A woman in her sixties, who had been a nurse, had the following dream. She entered a room where a doctor she had worked with was seated behind his desk. A photograph was to be taken of them; the photographer was present in the room. The doctor stood up and pointed out to our dreamer that her nurse's cap had slight stains on it. He said the stains would have to be removed before the photo could be taken. The woman suddenly noticed the stains, and agreed with the doctor - a stained cap was sloppy. She left the room, intending to have the cap laundered. The dream now changed its scene to an antiques shop. The woman was no longer in her nurse's uniform. She listened to a stranger explaining the origin and value of several antiques, and advising her how to sell them, for that was to be her job. The shop was large and crowded with articles of every description. As she looked around, she felt confused about it all, it all seemed too much to grasp at once. Then she woke.

At the time of this dream, the woman was attempting to cope with changes in her life. About to retire, she realized that she didn't know what she would do with her retirement years. She had always been active, and her job involved helping others. In fact, her whole life had been concerned with doing what was expected of her, accepting what she considered her duties, and fulfilling them energetically and unquestioningly. Now she faced a crisis in which she was tired of that role and couldn't contemplate what her new role would be.

The doctor stood for the old authority, which she had totally accepted in the past. The photo for posterity had to be unblemished. Her appearance as a nurse (a helper) had to be spotless. A lot of energy had always been spent, in this woman's life, in keeping up appearances. She acquiesced in the doctor's authority, as she always had done in the past. In the dream, it was her desire to appear "spotless" which she projected onto the doctor.

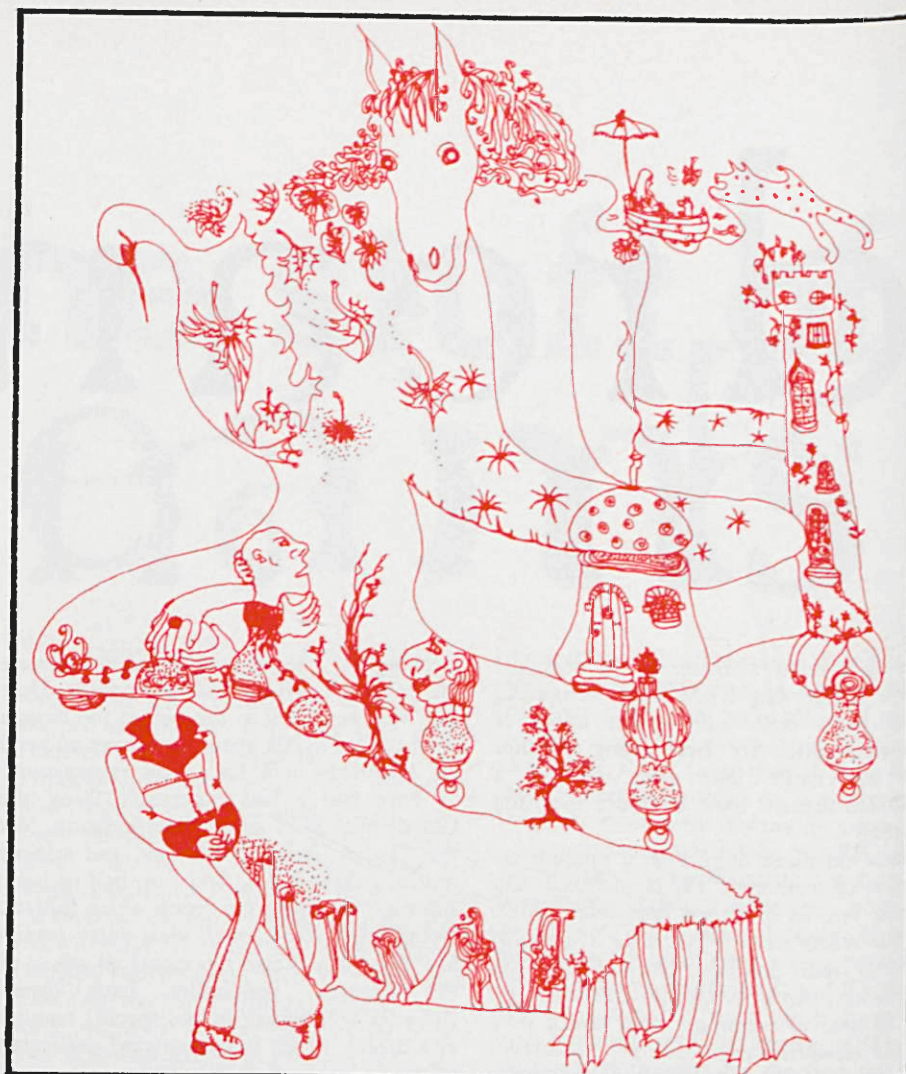
The second scene shows a shift in attitude. A man is still instructing her, but he has no identity known to the dreamer. This representative of the antique, the traditional, is, even more clearly than the doctor, a part

of the dreamer's personality. But in the second situation, she is not so completely acquiescent. She feels confused by the profusion of past traditions. (To the dreamer, antiques meant old, valuable, beautiful in a way, but not always functional in a modern home. Things to be looked at rather than used. "They could break".) She is required to "sell" these things to others, and she is hesitating.

The conflict between the past (the doctor, in real life long since dead; the antiques) and the future (the photo, selling the antiques to contemporaries for future use) is emphasized in this dream. The dreamer didn't know how to take authority back into her own personality, how to make choices among past traditions according to what was most valuable to her, how to use that in her future, or how to justify all of that to herself or others. This woman was beginning to recognize a long-hidden desire to make her own choices based on her own needs.

The dream did not solve her problem, it presented past and present aspects of it, making clear symbols out of the facets of the problem. If the dreamer looks at these facets, and is able to relate them to her current life situation, the solution may present itself with little further worry.

There are other aspects of the dream I haven't analysed. Each part of each dream is "over-determined", that is, it will refer to more than one problem, or part of the personality. A complete analysis of every single meaning of the dream would be very lengthy indeed. This brief account may at least make the method of analysis and the problem-solving direction of the dream apparent.



drawing by Angela Prior

Sex continued

in me my head went black and I twitched my toes. Then we couldn't contain our anger any more. We hit out at the institution in each other as hard as we could, and it really hurt. I left him and we walked away, locked in our prisons, defences up, for the next time round.

Everything became external. I communicated with no one. I behaved as I ought to. I fucked around a bit, learned to laugh a lot, to act gay and brittle. I kept on having romances with men who were painters, musicians and such like. I did not dare to think I could be like them, instead I would emotionally support the work they did. Like a mother I could hope they would express what was stifled in me. I kept on leaving them even though we sometimes discovered gentleness in one another through fucking, there was no way we could break out of our prisons and these glimpses of each other's vulnerability inside left us shaken and running.

One part of the cycle came to an end when I had an abortion. I was brought face to face with my conditioning and my own violence. At 26 I'd felt at the end of the road. I used to think my life had stopped at 10, I'd learned nothing new since except how to play games with people. Somehow or other I got pregnant. I found out for certain on my birthday, when I turned 27. What was I doing. I'd been determined not to have a baby to fulfill myself because I felt I must then crush it and, despite myself, I'd got pregnant. I realised the figure 27 had loomed in my head all my life, signalling the end of my freedom and the justification to my mother for her work in rearing me. That was her age at my birth. I had, after all, become my mother. Everything I'd feared to identify with had successfully moulded itself around me and me into it. Irrational emotions swept over me in waves, but I killed them. Rationally, after all, I had no job, no money, no place to live.

From this point on, my violence had to stop being a game between me and a man and I have gradually realised its roots within me. I have tried to confront any feelings of confusion with women and men. Realising the feelings are valid expressions of discontent or disagreement and finding words to express them means finding ways to change what might be going wrong. With women it is easier. We share the same problems, our happiness rests on helping each other, we know how to be encouraging

without being patronising and we know we have to spend time arguing out problems so as not to ignore or dismiss others' points of view. It takes twice and a million times as long with men. With men you are still in the bedroom, my words get lost again. It's a political battleground, sexism's last stand. If you are not an object, woman to be fucked, they expect you to be subject man and fuck them. For a while, maybe you do, but as the man's sense of himself, perched on his upright masculinity, crumbles, his violence based on new fears of insecurity clashes with your new found anger. That's not the way.

My sexuality was completely inner directed. A lot of its intensity was bound up with my history of masturbation. I could build my own womb around me and turn it on and off as I wished. I might be fucked as an object for the man, but my orgasm became a new refuge, no longer from the family, or school, but from the man and the outside world he represented. In slowly building up my own confidence, I can look back and see how the ignorance of each other, our need to be men and women, sharply defined and divided, lead to my manipulating men in bed. Sometimes acting out fantasies for one another, always acting for one another, meant a frantic concentration on the act. When we came it was a reassertion of our individual identity. It was not, and never will be, a romantic collusion of the male and the female. If fucking is no longer in terms of attack and defense, male and female, subject and object, it can be actually based on our bodies.

This means changes in fucking for both men and women. It means I admit to being scared sometimes. It means I don't get overwhelmed as often in all over sensuality. It means I am beginning to surface again, different bits of my body at different times. I don't rush up to the stars or god or a forgotten womb when I come. I know my feelings are based in my body, in flows of blood, and my body directs me to men I like, not to men who were mostly a reflection of what I wanted to be. My imagination, freed of burden, can begin again, from a new sense of myself. Without guilt, without roles, not squelching under insecurity, out of vulnerability can perhaps, this time, come trust. Gradually we might build up relationships where our past has, yes, moulded us, but not trapped us. O

NURSERY NURSES

Lucy Gilchrist is doing her first year of training as a Nursery Nurse. She, and a group of other women at the North London College of Further Education, will finish their course in April 1975.

They decided to write about their work in Spare Rib to expose the low wages and difficult working conditions, and to get in touch with other women doing similar jobs.

We want our own union.

Nursery Nurses and Nursery Assistants (untrained helpers) make up the major work force in Day and Residential Nurseries and a considerable amount in Nursery Schools and Classes in Infant Schools. Bearing that in mind, the wage we get is so ridiculously low and the work we do is so underestimated that it is no surprise when a lot of Nursery Nurses become disillusioned with the job and leave Nurseries to take up private work with children, which offers more money. Or they completely leave Nursery Nursing to go and do better paid jobs which are financially essential. This leads to a greater strain on existing staff especially in Day and Residential Nurseries, as it is they who have to put up with Temporary Agency Nurses (S.R.N. and S.E.N. trained) who get paid twice as much. We feel that this is unfair as they both do the same amount of work, and this leads to much resentment. They also, obviously, don't have the appropriate training in childcare as Nursery Nurses do.

We think that it is forgotten (if in fact known) by the majority of the Health and Education Departments, that we undergo this training for 2 years in order to be fully qualified to work with children. But at the end of our training Nursery Nurses only receive £15 to £16 per week, according to age. (If a Nursery Nurse is under 21 she gets even less, although she is trained. To enter for training one has to be at least 16). How can anyone be expected to live on such a low wage (if one can call it that). If a girl is single and does not live with her family or has anyone to help supplement her money it is virtually impossible to survive. We have to pay rent, buy food, clothing etc. and cannot cope financially on such low pay.

We realise that anything to do with childcare means women's work and that in turn means cheap labour, but we feel that the work we are doing is important (to us and also to the parents of the children) and warrants a living wage. We also want to be appreciated for what we do and not regarded as 'the poor man's equivalent of the British Nanny'. We are right down at the bottom of the pay scale, if in fact we have got a pay scale. Nursery Nurses who work in Residential Nurseries are the worst off. Once money is stopped for their board and lodging they have little money left for themselves, (e.g. less than £5 at 16 years old and in training). Apart from that, they work a 40 hour week for £15 - £16 per week, and it sometimes works out that they work about 48 hours for no extra money. They have these long hours because of the shortage of staff in Residential Nurseries, which is no surprise.

Nursery nurses belong to the National Union of Public Employees, who are trying to do their best for us. Which isn't enough to make us powerful within that union. Although many Nursery Nurses realise that nothing will ever get done to improve our pay, work conditions and status unless other Nursery Nurses become aware of their need to join together as a body within a union. We have thought of forming our own union but feel we are a small and powerless group and would not have sufficient experience in organising one.

As student Nursery Nurses what we would all like to see is a much more realistic wage in line with the demanding work which Nursery Nurses undertake once they have finished their training.

A Nursery Nurse is someone who has completed 2 years training in the care and development of children aged 0 - 7 years. So therefore we feel that we play a very important part in the child's overall development in the Nursery. Once Nursery Nurses have finished their training they work in Day Nurseries, Residential Nurseries, Nursery Schools (either State or privately run), Infant Schools, and Reception Classes of Infant Schools as full members of the staff. Or they can be employed by families to look after children and live with the family. Whilst training we are at the Nursery 3 days a week as part of our practical training, and twice a week we attend a college. Although we are training we still do the same amount of work that trained staff do.

Despite the title "Nursery Nurse", we are not nurses as such, which a lot of people seem to think we are. Although our training does cover the child's health and physical development and disabilities. To illustrate the work involved in Nursery Nursing here are reports from 3 student Nursery Nurses who train and work in Day, Residential and School Nurseries.

Lucy: A working day in a day nursery

A day nursery, with a matron and a warden in charge, caters for unsupported mothers. If it's run by the Borough council, it only costs about 75p a week, if it's private it can cost anything up to £5 a week. The buildings are usually purpose designed, with separate rooms for different age groups.

The day starts at 7.30 a.m. to 8.00 a.m. There are usually two Nursery Nurses to a room, and the room I am in, the Toddler Room, has fifteen children whose ages range from 15 months to 5 years old.

We begin by damp dusting the rooms and putting the outdoor toys out. The breakfast, which is prepared by a cook or in some cases nurses themselves, is served. When the children have finished, the tables are washed and the dishes collected. By now the majority of children have arrived, and they go to their playrooms and the real day begins.

Students, in most cases, have little time to actually be with the children. There are clothes to mend, toys to wash and furniture to scrub. Observations, so necessary to a student training, have to be done in snatched moments. At midday the dinner things are put out and the children are washed. While the children are eating their dinner some of the nurses and students put the beds out for the after dinner nap. Then the children are again washed, and then undressed for bed. While they sleep the bathroom has to be washed over and then the staff go to dinner, which is $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 hour long.

After dinner the children get up and the beds are put away. The children go about their play but again there are odd jobs for the staff

to do. This takes us up to tea time when the whole procedure of washing and preparations for the meal are repeated. After tea the children play. This is the time for the bathroom to be thoroughly cleaned down and the dining room and small kitchen cleaned for the next day. The playrooms too have to be tidied up. By the time all this is done it is 4.30 p.m. and nearly all the children have gone home. The Nursery Nurse and students are really too tired and exhausted to enjoy their time with the children that are left. If a Nursery Nurse is on an early shift 7.30 a.m. to 4.30 p.m. it will be her time to go home and the other Nursery Nurse who is on the late shift stays behind with the remainder of the children until 5.30 p.m., and sometimes later depending on whether or not parents turn up early. This is a general account of a day in a Day Nursery. The allocation of work and the general policy of the Nursery is left entirely up to the matron. She decides what her staff can wear for work, what jobs they have to do and when they are to be done, and this can vary considerably. She also dictates the attitude of the staff towards parents and children. In some cases the Nursery is an open house and parents can come in whenever they want to. In other cases the door is shut to parents. This can lead to much strain and frustration on the part of the Nursery Nurse as she must talk to parents to discuss how their children are getting on at the Nursery.

Dorothy: A typical working day in a nursery school

A nursery school is run by the local education authority. It's always in a self-contained building, sometimes a converted infants school.

The day usually begins at about 8.50 a.m. when Nursery Nurses and teachers begin to prepare the tables with activities for the children when they arrive. The water trough has to be filled, fruit cut up for the children and equipment put outside. At about 9.00 a.m. the children start to arrive. There is a maximum of 30 children to a class. This particular Nursery class is staffed by a Nursery Nurse, a Teacher and a student Nursery Nurse.

The children arrive, quite happy in the surroundings of colourful pictures on walls, sand and lots of different toys that are laid out for them. The equipment that is provided in the Nursery School is very good. There is much more of it, and it is better than that of the Day or Residential Nursery. Usually on first entering the classroom the children rush to the table with the main activity on it. Sometimes the main activity is cooking, and both girls and boys enjoy taking part in this. At approximately 10.00 a.m. the children have their milk and I got to have my coffee break, whilst the teacher and Nursery Nurse stay behind with the children. After the coffee break some children may want me to read a story to them. So I take a few of them into our book corner and read to them. Or sometimes I go and help a child with a puzzle and talk. At about 11.00 a.m. all the children are called for story time, which is read by the Teacher or the Nursery Nurse. Whoever is not reading the story starts to tidy the room at this time. Parents start arriving at 11.20 a.m. to collect their children and by 11.40 a.m. all the children have left.

I have lunch at 11.50 a.m. and this lasts until 1.00 p.m. When I come back the same procedure of preparing the room to receive the 30 afternoon children begins. At 3.00 p.m. we start to tidy the room as it is nearly the end of the afternoon. Paint pots have to be washed (which is usually done by the Nursery Nurse), floor swept, and the place has to be generally tidied up. All this is done whilst the children are having a story read to them in the book corner. At 3.20 p.m. parents start to arrive. At 3.30 p.m. most of the children are gone except for a few whose parents have been a little late in arriving. Usually at about 3.40 p.m. we all put on our coats, having come to the end of our day.

Eleanor: A typical day in a residential nursery

A residential nursery caters for children whose mothers might be in hospital, parents might be separated or in financial difficulty, or under emotional stress. Negotiations are done through a social worker, and

it's run either privately or by the borough council.

The normal hours, per week, that I should work are 40. But we find in most privately run Residential Nurseries, a Nursery Nurse works around 45 to 47 hours for no extra money, or time off. When a Nursery Nurse is "in residence", she usually has to work two late shifts per week, (this varies in different nurseries), which means that she is working until 9.00 p.m.

Two students complained to their college that they were working 50 hours a week, as they had to give up one of their well-earned days off. Nothing could be done because the Nursery was a private one, and Residential, which usually means that a few extra hours are put in every week.

A day starts at 7.15 a.m. The Nursery Nurse goes to her group (most Residentials have family grouping) of roughly five children, ranging from the age of 1 to 5 years old. The younger ones are in the Baby Nursery which is downstairs. The Nursery Nurse has to finish the dressing of the children, which takes quite some time. Then the Nursery Nurse will make the beds and tidy the bedroom. She then takes her children to the toilet and washes them, then it is time for breakfast. While one Nursery Nurse is doing this, so are the others with their group of children. When the children are ready for their breakfast, the Nursery Nurse wheels in the trolley with the breakfast. She eats her breakfast with the children, then clears the room and takes her children to the toilet, pots the young ones, changes nappies and makes sure that the older ones go to the toilet, washes their hands and faces.

If the weather is good the children go into the garden. The Nursery Nurses take it in turns to be with the children in the garden and going to their groups' bedrooms and getting the clothes ready for the following morning. They also sweep and mop the floor and get pyjamas ready for the coming night.

The time is now almost 9.45 a.m. It is decided whether or not the children should go out for a walk. Some Nursery Nurses are off duty from 10.00 a.m. until 1.00 p.m. The others are off duty from 1.00 p.m. until 4.00 p.m. The Nursery Nurses that are off duty at 1.00



Lucy Gilchrist,

p.m. have coffee at 9.45 a.m. while the other Nursery Nurses are preparing the children for their walk. Whilst they are at the local park or perhaps shopping, the babies have a nap.

The children return from their walk at approximately 11.00 a.m. Nappies are changed and the children are washed ready for their dinner, which is served at 11.30 a.m. The Nursery Nurse has her dinner with the children. Having finished eating the children go to the toilet again. The older children go into the garden while the babies are put in their prams to sleep. One Nursery Nurse clears the room, one stays with the children and 2 usually go into the Baby Nursery.

The time is approximately 12.15 p.m. The babies are now fed and changed, and put in their prams. Washing up of bottles and dishes is done and at 1.00 p.m. these Nursery Nurses go off duty.

From 1.00 p.m. until 2.00 p.m. the Nursery Nurses who have come on for duty play with the children, unless she is given jobs to do. For example, sweeping leaves and gardening, or helping to scrub the passage walls. Various time consuming jobs of this nature which means she hardly sees the children.

At 2.00 p.m., the Nursery Nurse will get the younger children up, change those in nappies and put them in the garden to crawl and get some exercise.

At 3.30 p.m. they are changed for tea which is given at 4.00 p.m. Tea is served by one Nursery Nurse, the older children have theirs at 4.30 p.m. One Nursery Nurse washes the tea dishes, one cleans the floor and the other will play with the children.

5.00 p.m. is bath time. The children are all bathed. The Nursery Nurse can now play with her group of children as this is the only moment in the day that she doesn't have to keep to a time-table. It is then time for supper, after which the older children can carry on playing, watch television or enjoy the company of their Nursery Nurse. The babies are put to bed.

This brings the time up to 7.00 p.m. when the Nursery Nurse goes off duty, unless of course she is on late shift.

From 7.00 p.m. until 9.00 p.m. the Nursery Nurse who is on duty can watch TV etc, but must attend to those babies and children who need her, for the changing of nappies, tears after nightmares and so on. At 9.00 p.m. she is off duty after working a long and tiring ten hour day.

The Baby Room, as it is called, is run differently to that of the toddler groups. The Nursery Nurse goes on duty at 7.15 a.m. and has to bath, in this particular Residential Nursery, usually 3 or 4 babies. She makes their cots, dresses them, changes the Milton Sterilizers, prepares their breakfast, cleans the baby bath, all before 8.00 a.m. This, can be imagined, is rushed indeed. It helps if two Nursery Nurses are on duty. At 8.30 a.m. the babies are fed and changed and put into their prams. The Nursery Nurse does the washing-up, and if she has been quick it is 9.30 a.m. The babies' bottles are prepared for their next feed. This includes preparing bottles for the younger children in the toddler room. As not all of the babies have the same type of milk, care has to be taken not to get the bottles mixed up. This should be completed by 10.00 a.m., or she has been 'very lazy' and has wasted time, or perhaps she stopped to talk to the babies or even worse, play with them. At 10.00 a.m. she joins the other children for their walk, unless she is off duty, and continues in the Baby Room until 5.00 p.m., when the babies are fed and changed into their pyjamas ready for bed.

Although a Nursery Nurse is put in the Baby Group she infact spends most of her time with the toddlers. The only difference in routine between the Baby and Toddler rooms takes place from 7.15 a.m. to 10.00 a.m. and from 5.00 pm to 7.00 p.m.

This, of course, is only one account of a Residential Nursery taken as an example to show you an everyday routine. Not all Residential Nurseries work the same hours, or stick to the same routine. This, I feel, must be understood.

As the Day and Residential Nurseries come under the Health Department we feel that more emphasis is placed on the ritual of washing and cleaning the children before and after every meal, which is unnecessary. The tidying up and clearing of a room after a meal can be a tedious and exhausting job. It would be, of course, more help, if there were more staff, which would relieve the work load of existing staff, not to mention the fact of the children who would come into contact with happier adults who would have more time to be with the children other than at washing and feeding times.

Write to Lucy Gilchrist, C/o Spare Rib, 9 Newburgh Street, London W1A 4XS.

FREE PREGNANCY TESTS

British Pregnancy Advisory Service is a non profit making registered charitable trust.

Birmingham
021-643 1461
Brighton
0273 509726
Coventry
0203 51663
Leeds
0532 443861
Liverpool
051-227 3721

British Pregnancy Advisory Service

BPAS

CARMEN CALLIL LIMITED



Central London office space
urgently required
please telephone 01-352 6634
27 SMITH STREET LONDON SW3 4EW

The Voice of Jazz on Verve



The complete
recordings of
Billie Holiday
in ten
volumes

We've reached
Volume Six,
have you?



MARKETED BY POLYDOR LIMITED

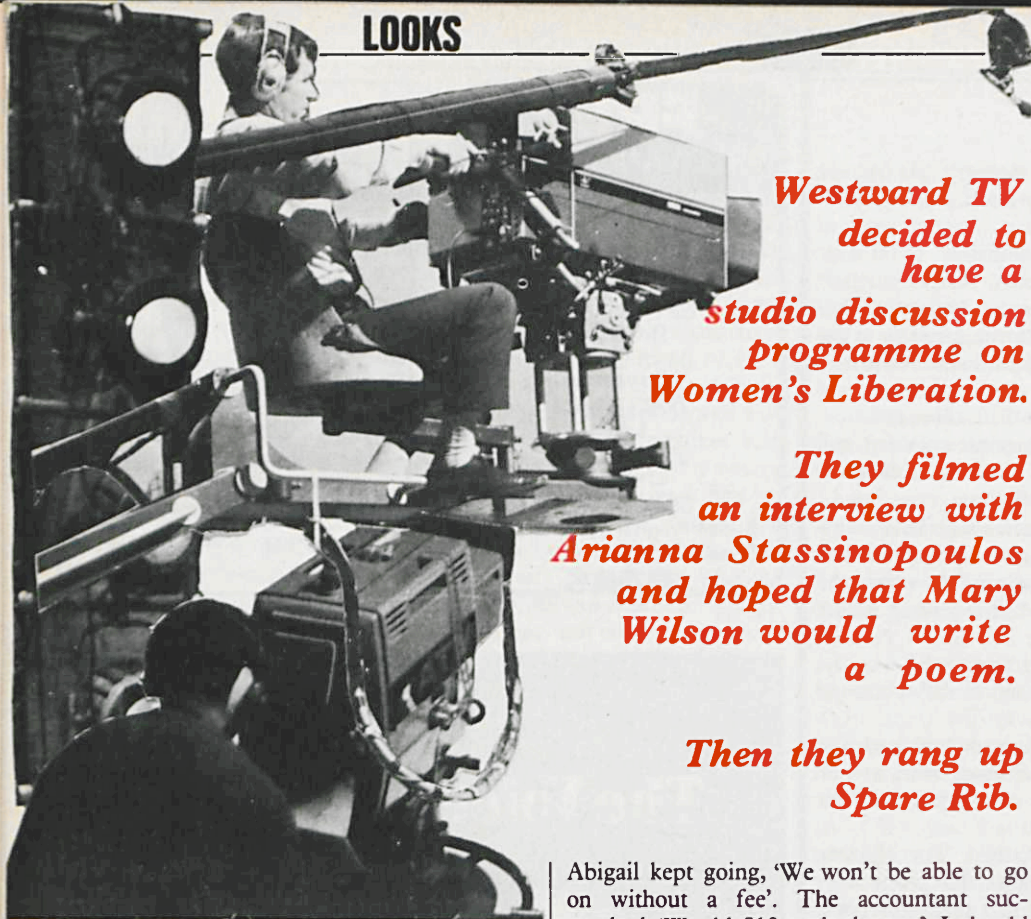
THE SCHOOL OF THE EMERGING WOMAN

- dedicated to the analysis of the female experience.
- dedicated to exploring the unique and qualitative individuality of woman
- dedicated to the awareness of oneself as a woman.
- dedicated to women who want to share, explore and learn about themselves.

THE SCHOOL OF THE EMERGING WOMAN is an integral and very special area within the Franklin School of Contemporary Studies.

Registration NOW for Spring Term. Write for our catalogue.

43, Adelaide Road, London NW3 30B. 01-722-0562



**Westward TV
decided to
have a
studio discussion
programme on
Women's Liberation.**

**They filmed
an interview with
Arianna Stassinopoulos
and hoped that Mary
Wilson would write
a poem.**

**Then they rang up
Spare Rib.**

"May I speak to the Chairman of the Women's Liberation Movement?" I realised that this was a taste of things to come. Representing Spare Rib/women's liberation, or 'the sexually hung-up/intellectually arrogant/bespectacled/flatchested/woman - either way someone not content with the role society has allotted me, I arrived in Plymouth on a train that was thirty minutes late. I had been told by the programme's researcher that I would be staying in the Continental Hotel with other women from Women's Liberation. This was an admitted ploy by Westward TV to keep us away from the other participants on the programme, if we all got on well with each other the programme would lose its spark. I felt mildly pleased going to my hotel with Gwynneth Dunwoody (Former Labour MP for Exeter) as we did begin to talk, but little did I realise then the strategies we should have been working out together.

Rushed off to a steak and chips I was beginning to be lulled into a false sense of security with a bottle of wine and with Abigail Moseley and Ann Haig, two women from Falmouth who had been chosen to take the 'Liberated' line. After as much trifle and fruit salad as I could eat (I was determined to make the most of this outing) the Westward Hostess arrived. She'd had her meal over the road at the Berni Inn with her husband and son.

We reached the TV Centre. First we went to see the accountant. Abigail and Ann had been reading the TV handbook (available from Rising Free, 197 King's Cross Rd, London WC1, for 15p plus postage, see Spare Rib no. 18) which I had previously felt artificially created a 'them v us' situation. But when Abigail noticed that we were not automatically being given a fee, and the accountant replied, 'didn't anyone tell you, you only get expenses', I realised much too late that the Handbook contained real pearls of wisdom. 'You should always get a fee, don't be pushed off with anything less than £10. So

Abigail kept going, 'We won't be able to go on without a fee'. The accountant succumbed, 'Would £10 each do you? I should add that this was not mere greed, admittedly the programme was only going to last for half an hour, but the company was quite prepared to pay 'The people who make a living by going on TV - Rita Tushingham, Dame Joan Vickers, Gwynneth Dunwoody. As if anyone else *could* make a living out of it if they were never paid. We were made to feel that they, Westward TV were doing us a favour in allowing us to go on and pronounce the tenets of Women's Liberation.

On the way down to the studio, the young director gave me a warning that after the film with Arianna, he would turn to me first, and ask if women in Women's Liberation don't seem to imagine that all women suffer from the same sexual hang-ups as they do. I asked him what on earth he expected me to say to such a stupid question but was hushed in front of the bright lights before I could get an answer.

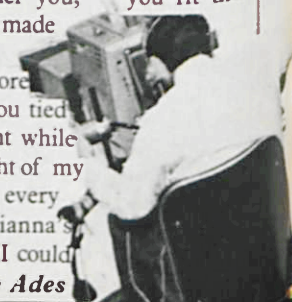
The scene was a studio audience of about thirty women - I dread to think what they had been told beforehand - and the protagonists. I found myself taking deep breaths between Rita Tushingham and Maureen Castle, a green eyedidded barrister and clinical psychiatrist. There was a film of 'ordinary' women undertaking ordinary activities interspersed with 'Women's Liberation Extremists' demonstrating. Then Joan Bakewell moved forward to explain the programme. 1974 was to be Women's Year (politically). Arianna Stassinopoulos had written a successful and provocative book, she showed the book in question (reviewed Spare Rib No. 20) to the TV camera, and then we moved to a filmed interview with Arianna herself. I was starting to shake but trying very hard to take everything in. The interview was very confused; Arianna wanted women to have more choice but also wanted them to realise their true role. In contrast she saw Women's Liberation as elitist, arrogant, bespectacled (I had requested that I be allowed time to take my glasses off before speaking, so that I would not project an

embittered intellectual image and because I felt I looked better without them) and flat-chested. The interviewer said, 'But Arianna, you're a lovely girl, don't you think that it's only women like you (lovely girls) who are able to do what they want and remain feminine?' I began to feel rather sorry for her. She moved on to Equal Rights, Equal Pay, Greece, and other things.

It was my moment, sexual hang-ups and all. I started trying to say that I was keeping my glasses on in order to conform to my expected image. The interviewer repeated his ridiculous question, looking at me with incredulity as to why I had not answered him and incomprehension as to what I was talking about. Still I could not answer. There were so many different phrases running through my mind none of which seemed to get as far as a complete sentence. I wanted to comment on particular parts of the interview and on the opening film, and to try to say something liberated and not to misrepresent Spare Rib or anyone else, but kept being asked about my sexual hang-ups and other women. He gave up with me and turned to Abigail who managed to be more coherent and forceful. She said that television, in particular, was to blame for women's liberation's ridiculous image. I began to think more clearly now that the discussion had begun. I was able to make the odd constructive remark about the nature of the Womens Movement. It was very noticeable that the only people who were able to ignore the interviewer completely were the politicians. Dame Joan said that the Anti-Discrimination legislation would never have got as far as it has, without the continued, sometimes noisy pressure from the Women's Liberation Movement. Gwynneth kept telling the interviewer to stop trying to create a confrontation where there was none. He turned to Margaret Hurst, The Housewife, who was the only person who had no axe to grind, no public image to maintain, who just said that she didn't really know why she was there or what women's liberation was. Then he tried with a woman from Men Only, but no argument ensued. Then the silent studio audience were called upon to take part, to vote on whether they were for, or against, women's liberation. All but three were against. One does not abstain in a studio vote. We were allowed another three minutes to put the record straight.

There was a unanimous feeling of frustration as soon as the cameras turned away. The interviewer seemed triumphant, 'But you ladies, had a full fifteen minutes to expound your views.'

He had ignored the fact that we had him, and his bright lights where television makes the world black or white, to deal with; that only he knew the programme that he had planned; that only he had any real power to create or destroy it. Somehow in front of the cameras unless forewarned and carefree, your legs drop from under you, you fit the slot that has been made for you. The more you resent it the more the camera shows you tied to it. At one moment while talking, I caught sight of myself, I seemed to be every thing that fitted Arianna's caricature. If only I could have laughed. **Rose Ades**



NEWS

POSTSCRIPT TO BABY BLUES

Four years ago, almost to the day, after ten years of marriage, miscarriages, concentrated gynaecology and other miseries, I gave birth to a baby son. In order to ensure his survival I spent the last seven months of my pregnancy in hospital and had him delivered by Caesarian section. He was what they call in the trade "a precious baby". I was thirty-seven years of age, lucky to have him and should have been the happiest woman in the world. And for the first five days I was. Then I went out of my mind.

I saw visions, heard voices - especially Shakespearian ones remembered from childhood visits to the Old Vic: 'When first we smell the air we wail and cry that we are come to this great stage of fools'. I cried and cried. In fact I couldn't stop crying for eighteen months. My gynaecologist, having said that nothing could be more normal than a touch of the baby blues, washed his hands of me. My sensible and sensitive G.P. stuffed me up to the eyebrows with tryptizol, largactyl, librium, valium, toffranil, concordin, anafranil and the rest, and, which was more important, gave me hours, weeks, and months of his time and conversation, and saved my - and the baby's - life. Somewhere along the line I thought that I ought to write about it, and somewhere along the line I did - although just *how* I did I can't remember; I can't remember the table I sat at, the window I looked out of, the pen I wrote with. But that was the birth of 'Baby Blues'.

Irene Shubick at the BBC, who had commissioned the play, couldn't see what it was about. (It was in fact about a woman who drowns her baby.) Neither could Graeme MacDonald, her successor in title. So the play was shelved, for two years. Obviously I was disappointed because one writes not simply for oneself but also to communicate with others. Even so, the very writing achieved in me a kind of catharsis; I suddenly woke up and found that I had Ragnar, a super son, now almost two years old. I even went on and had another - in the teeth of medical advice and every kind of personal pressure: 'For God's sake, woman, have an abortion: you're in no mental or physical state to bear another child.' But in my bloody-minded way I went on and had him and he was perfect in



Photo from BBC TV

Zena Walker as the mother in 'Baby Blues'

every respect, and no sign of our old adversary the baby blues either. So now I have Ragnar and Milo, aged four and 18 months respectively.

Meanwhile, back at the BBC, a new management took over at "Play for Today". Ken Trodd and James MacTaggart, pioneers of the original Wednesday Play and of the whole school of television - drama - verité - were back in business and "Baby Blues" finally saw the light of day. We made it: the tension was electric: Zena Walker, who played the lead, so lived the part that we had to lock the doors of the studio on the day of the recording. Afterwards we all got drunk and kissed each other: we thought we had achieved something marvellous.

Came transmission. The critics (with the exception of Liz Cowley of the Evening Standard who happened to have been through two Caesareans and a spot of the blues herself) hated it: the BBC switchboard was jammed with complaints (a FULL FRONTAL CAESARIAN IN COLOUR): Madam Whitehouse confronted the Director-General: (Obscene! blasphemous! insensitive! irresponsible! WOMEN DON'T DROWN THEIR BABIES).

Inquests and apologies at BBC executive level. Shall I crawl off and drown myself (and the babies) to prove that it was real?

Then, oddly and belatedly, the second wave. Letters from doctors and nurses

(including a request for a copy of the video-tape to show to medical students) and, at the last count 203 letters from depressed mothers saying "HELP!"

From this sprang my idea of setting up a Depressives Anonymous - some kind of body, or, better still, series of local groups, of people who had been through this particular experience themselves, or were still suffering from it. I wanted to set up some kind of hot line between these people so that when one is tempted to throw the baby out with the bath water one can ring up someone who understands and say 'Help'. Like Alcoholics Anonymous I want to limit the membership to people who have been through the experience themselves: to exclude the professional philanthropists (I have myself telephoned the Samaritans for example in the middle of the night and been answered by such a hearty rugby-playing young muscular Christian that I couldn't say a word).

Suddenly the whole dreadful business began to justify itself. The letters keep on coming - each one perhaps a kind of mini-catharsis for the suffering writer - "I battered my baby's head against the wall, repeatedly, and it wasn't until we got him to hospital that we realised he was dead" (London). "I thought I must be the most wicked person in the world to have thoughts like these" (Aberdeen). "I put a pillow on my baby's face and climbed a mountain 4,000 feet high" (Cumberland). "I have a kind husband, a beautiful baby, no financial problems and still I want to die" (Surrey). No woman is an island. Can't we help each other?

Readers who are interested in helping to set up Depressives Anonymous should get in touch with me care of Spare Rib. Obviously I shall respect confidences unless I am specifically released from doing so.

Nemone Lethbridge

Another postscript

Three local groups are in the process of forming and can be contacted direct:

Dorset: Mrs A.J. Stephenson, 19 Merley Ways, Wimborne Minster, Dorset BH21 1QN.

East Anglia: Josie White, 654 Dereham Road, Norwich, Norfolk.

Yorkshire: Duncan Darroch, 35 Victoria Crescent, Barnsley, Yorkshire.

NEWS

WOMEN IN STRUGGLE: THE STRIKE AT MANSFIELD HOSIERY

The strike at Mansfield Hosiery Mills in November-December 1972, involving male and female Asian workers, was a struggle which exposed not only the racialism of the National Union of Hosiery and Knitwear Workers and the management, but also showed the roles played by the Race Relations Board, the Loughborough Community Relations Council, and the Runnymede Trust, who 'are moving to find a new lease of life in the mediating machinery within industry and therefore present an image of management with a liberal face'.



Photos from Socialist Worker

The picket line outside Mansfield Hosiery's main factory in Loughborough

Few have analysed the extent of the pressure the workers were able to put up with for over fourteen weeks, because of the support they got from their own community. Nor has the involvement of Asian women in the strike been looked at.

The strike broke out at Trinity Street factory involving fifty women and 250 men. Three days later, eighty Asian women from the subsidiary Clarence Street factory came out in sympathy. As one of them said at the time: 'The colour bar applies to us all. If our brothers are on strike we have to give them support. They need to feel self-respect, when they are treated like dogs how can we go in, if our brothers are out'. Soon, however, they were to come forward with their own demands concerning their own conditions.

The hosiery industry as a whole has a 60 per cent female labour force - mainly white women. Asian women are at the bottom of the ladder even within this structure. The conditions exposed at the Clarence Street factory, which mainly employs

female labour, emphasised this.

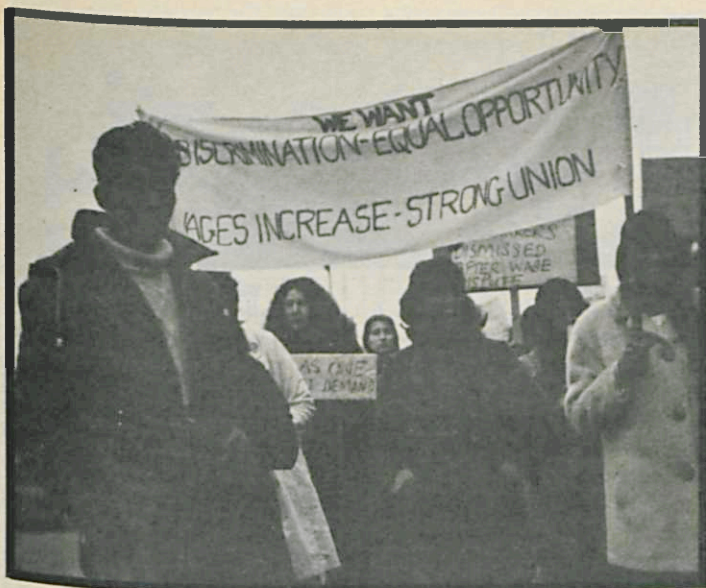
In the low-paid cutting jobs, for example, almost all the workers were Asian. The charge hand and the supervisors were all white and treated the Asian women despicably - refusing to call them by their names, usually calling them 'oy'. They refused to listen to any of the grievances made by the Asian women - when a grievance was stated the usual response was to tell the Asian woman to shut up. Sometimes this made the Asian women cry. A white woman would never be suspended if her work was bad or if she behaved in an 'undisciplined' way. An Asian woman would often be suspended for two to three days. No allowances were made for technical problems in their work: if production difficulties arose out of the quality of the material and this affected their work, the loss of pay would not be compensated. White women workers were on an average wage - most of the Asian women worked on a piece-rate basis. This meant that they had to work much harder to ensure sufficient wages, because

the white workers were assured of a guaranteed weeks wage - they could time over a job without fearing loss of pay. If a new style came in that the white workers found too difficult, the job was then piece-rated. The lack of English spoken by Asian women was used against them - apart from the day-to-day problems of communicating with supervisors and the problems of understanding instructions: in the hosiery industry the price for a particular article requires skilled haggling, and the Asian women complained of being forced to sign documents without being given time to understand them. Neither the management or union made any attempt to deal with this problem, not even by having interpreters who could explain matters to the workers. One of the workers was transferred to a new job, overlocking, because the supervisor of her section was making her life miserable. But the harassment did not stop, she was told that she could not wear her sari on the new job. They quoted the industrial safety regulations and

told her to wear 'English clothes or trousers.' (Mansfield Hosiery Mill had never before shown such concern for the safety of its women workers.) 'I pointed out to management that this was against our customs and told the Union four or five times, but they did nothing. Then the union and management promised £24 a week if I dropped the question and went back to my old job. I agreed, but what did they do? I got back and found I only had £18. The Union - I went to them but I got "ice cubes".'

It was in protest against this degradation that these women marched through the town and occupied the plush union offices chanting Indian mantras, demanding that the strike be made official or else they would not move out. The Union were eventually forced to declare the strike official - on December 5th - and take the matter to arbitration. The women stood on picket lines to prevent other workers from entering the factory.

The men and women on strike supported each other, wives never put pressure on



Loughborough hosiery workers strike - a small section of the march

their husbands to return to work. In some cases both husband and wife were on strike and because wives could only claim social security on the grounds that their husbands were out of work, it was impossible for either to obtain money. The management went to the homes of families to try and get the men back to work. The local Community Relations Officer tried to get some of the women back to work. At different times certain sections at Trinity threatened to go back to work (e.g. the yarn cellar workers) but the women did not, and having the whole Clarence Street factory out in support added tremendous strength to the workers.

After the Court of Enquiry had made known its findings on conditions at Trinity Street, the issues raised by the Asian women at the Clarence Street factory, which had hitherto been ignored came to the forefront. The Leicester Mercury carried a report about the conditions at Clarence Street and warned that there would be trouble if something was not done. In a letter to Ronnie Carter, District Secretary of the National Union of Hosiery and Knitwear workers, Mr. Naik wrote on behalf of the woman:

... "For a long time now relations between staff personnel and Asian women have been unhappy. Several women have complained that the attitudes expressed towards them have been racialistic. As you know there is no representation in the factory for the workers, and no doubt this contributes to the bad relations there.

There are other bad industrial practices engaged in at the factory, but it would appear that they reflect a certain attitude

taken towards people who are regarded as immigrants. We know for a fact that there is a great deal of restlessness in the factory amongst the women. We hope that through negotiations these problems can be tackled and solved."

The Trade Union, which was shaken by the strike, began to move and at a public meeting gave an undertaking that factory representation would be instituted at Clarence Street. This turned out to be a long slow process: the women had little understanding of Trade Unions, and had little faith in them. But finally a factory committee was set up consisting of fifteen members eleven of whom were Asian women from different departments.

The workers now have a shop committee consisting of fifteen representatives, 11 of whom are Asians.

Monthly meetings are held over different issues e.g. styles.

The relationship between English and Asian girls is different: problems like pricing of articles are discussed together. Swearing has stopped.

The Asian workers now have the chance to become cutters and overlockers, which was not the case before. Asian women are given a wages slip - again this was not done before. Some of the Asian women are now trying to learn English and some of the English women know a little Gujarati. The strike finally ended when Asians were granted knitters jobs - but the strike had raised many issues, not least of which was the dignity of the Asians themselves as a people. A familiar slogan of the workers was "we will not go back like dogs".

Bennie Bunsee

LETTERS:

WOMEN IN IRELAND

Dear Spare Rib,

We are women who live in Belfast and work in working class communities on both sides. We were disgusted by your pseudo-trendy article on the changing role of women in Ireland in your last issue. The people who wrote the article have fantasised a totally different Belfast to the one we know.

While there are exceptions, most women still stick to very traditional roles. Women we know can't leave their husbands even if beaten because the local 'lads' would make life intolerable for them and anyone who tries to help.

We consider your article pure wishful thinking.

Yours,

Nancy and Dorothy,
Belfast.

We tried the telephone number you gave us but couldn't find you. Please get in touch with us. We'd like to hear more about what you think.

Dear Spare Rib,

The article on women in Northern Ireland (your January

issue) was extremely significant; significant in what it omitted.

First, it didn't mention what the recent referendum on the border question confirmed. At least sixty percent of those living in Northern Ireland would regard life under the IRA in a united Ireland as life under military occupation.

Secondly, it didn't mention that the IRA Provisionals were continually murdering and maiming Protestant (and Catholic) adults and children, by the bombs they left outside shops and offices before parking restrictions were imposed. Maybe the IRA feels 'no hostility to Protestant people': it just kills them.

And finally, what a pity that the writers found no time to report on the role of Protestant women in this 'armed struggle against British occupation'. I mean, of course, Protestant women in areas that support the UDA. Are there, I wonder, any sisterly links between terrorists of both religions?

Fraternally yours,
Conrade David Womersley,
Bishopswood Road,
Highgate.



SOCIAL SECURITY

Dear Spare Rib,

I very much want to do something to raise the amount of money (£2) people living on Social Security are allowed to earn before their allowance starts getting docked. The amount was £2 in 1966. I want it raised to match the retail price index for 1974. Do any of your readers know of any such attempt in the past or present? Or have any information

and experience which would be useful? All I want to do is change an anomalous situation where an amount of money set for one year is not automatically raised with the cost of living.

I should be grateful to hear from readers.

Yours sincerely,
Katie Costello,
Flat B,
151 Peitherton Road London N5.

OUR MOTHERS, OUR SELVES

In January BBC TV began a series of five programmes on 'Women and Work'. After seeing the first one, which looked at women's economic role in the two world wars, three A Level students at a further education college in London talked with Ann Scott about their reactions to the programme, about their mothers' lives and their own, and then with one of the men at the college about the problems for women at work now.



Helen

My mother won a scholarship to go to a grammar school, in Lancaster. She couldn't go, because all the men in the family were killed serving on the front line in the army, so there were very few men working and actually bring in money. She left school when she was 14 and started working to support a family of about 6 kids and her mother. My parents met at work - they've worked in munitions places all their lives, my father non-stop for 25 years. We had moved to Blackburn, there's just cotton factories there, and this one munitions factory on the hill - you don't know what it is unless somebody tells you, it's camouflaged and heavily guarded. Anyone who works there has to promise not to say anything about what goes on in the factory, you'd be searched on the way in and out.

... My parents didn't really worry about my future because I had two brothers, they concentrated all their attention

on their success. On seeing them go to university I got the very, very firm idea that it would never happen to me, because a big change happened around that time. When my brothers went to the boys' grammar school, they'd come home and there'd be this sort of game every night. The children's TV was on and there was this sort of chanting: there were competitions of boys against girls, they'd say 'The boys have won' and they'd stamp up and down. This used to drive me mad, because I didn't really think of myself as a girl until that sort of moment. It was boys are better, and also they got presents that I didn't get, no money was ever spent on me.

... My mother encouraged them, she was the main instigator - maybe because she'd been denied having a father herself. She'd say things like 'Women are the ones that always cause trouble. Men never make trouble between themselves'.

... The middle class were living on the hills, they've got another way - the women don't do as much housework anyway. But in working class communities, particularly where it's very heavily concentrated, the working class women work and do the housework, and they compete against each other all the time - the thing about who's got the shiniest window, Mrs Jones has got dirty curtains, and therefore she's the slag of the street. There's always a slag of the street, and she's usually the one who runs around with all the guys, and hangs around the pub.

... My father did a lot of work in the house: for example he used to clean all our shoes every morning and get up before my mother, and light the fire. I usually got my brothers' handed-down clothes, but when you go to a new school, like a grammar school, then they have to spend a lot of money on the uniform, they had to save up for that a long time before. But there was a big change round about that time, then the middle class thing was really infiltrating into the consciousness of the working class, that they did things to compete for status, round the time that sliced bread

came in, and supermarkets started emerging on a very small scale - then there was more competition, rather in a religious way, as to who could be the one *not* seen going to the pub, who could be the one to have the most things.

... But if you clean something, when you've finished it you can see the end product, that it shines or whatever, that you benefit directly from it - whereas most women that go out to work, when they do something like sticking components together, which is what my mother does, then you don't see nothing at the end, it's nothing to do with you at all. You don't even know or ask or question, which is one thing that aggravates me very much, that they spent so long in this factory and never once asked themselves the question, 'Where is this bullet going, in whose leg or in whose body is it going to end up'. They can't afford to think of this thing that confronts them every day of their lives, on the news, and all they can say is 'Well, look at these students demonstrating in Berlin' - I mean my mother often uses the word 'people causing trouble', which makes a sort of mentality that's completely servile to the state, and that's a very predominant factor among the working class - especially among the older ones, the same with the older West Indians - that they give in and say, 'Well, all right', this is because it goes with their survival, if they didn't give in, then they think they wouldn't be able to make it. The younger generation, possibly, starting off with the middle classes again, because they're always in a better position to turn round and question things, they've got more freedom to voice their opinions, they've got more time as well. They can be heard by more people than someone who's standing in direct threat of his livelihood, who's got the choice of either throwing himself out and being a rebel, which is a much harder life and takes more courage, than someone who's got some kids to think about, or who's already suffered a lot of bad experiences, seeing what disorder can do - that's a perfect sort of way to get into a

fascist way of thinking, and I think my parents are definitely fascist, because they toe the line.



Mary

"The thing that struck me about the whole programme was that on points like pay, trade unionism and the cheap labour thing, that they got women instead of men to work in the factories because they could obviously pay them less. Things haven't changed that much - but politically I thought the programme was very tame.

... My mother worked in the factories in the war, making parts for aircraft. She got married in 1950, she stayed at home for a couple of years, then she went out to work again because of economic circumstances, in the shops and suchlike. My father did help in the home: I think my parents pulled together, because when I was young, I didn't go without, but they certainly did. My father was going to work with holes in his shoes. He's always pulled his weight, because he came from a family of 12 or 13, and he didn't get married till very late, he was 39, so obviously he's had to be independent to a certain extent.

... I come from a working class family and I just followed the normal line of working class girls. I left school at 15, I was at a secondary modern in London, I said I'd wait and take my exams, so the careers officer comes round and says 'Well, if you stay on at school you can be a secretary' and things like that. By that time I didn't see any value in staying on at school *at all*. It was only when I got out to work - I worked as a telephonist for four years, I started off at the GPO - when I was working, you get into a pattern, a certain routine, and your mind goes *completely* blank. A personal friend - a man, actually - said 'You're wasting your time there'. It was



only when I started going to college, it took me a good three years to unlearn all the socialisation shit that they'd given me at school. . . . My parents still don't really know what I'm doing, or what I want to do. They can't understand the value of going to college. There's continuous arguments about it, they think it's just an easy way out I think, an easy way out of work. The questions I get are what is going to be the end product of this, and I say well you know I'm going to college because I want to learn about things, she says she'll only be happy when I see the end product, that you've got somewhere on the social scale I suppose, which is what she's really saying. She can't see the value of education as the value of education."



Lynn

"It was totally different for me because my mother suffered under her very straight bourgeois parents. In the war, in the fashion of all middle class ladies, she was shipped around from safe place to safe place, presumably from school to school, got married, brought up her children, did everything she could for us, in fact she's really very conscientious, and never thought of herself, in twenty years. And now, suddenly she's got up and gone to do a speech therapy course . . . but in the meantime I suppose she put up with us and just read and read and read. She's lucky to be able to get hold of the books to be able to see that it was going to be beneficial to her. I was encouraged to have a career and do the 'correct' things. She thought I ought to be liberated, or rather get married late, have a career. . . . Her whole onus on me and my sister has been pay for the best education for girls as well, because it was terribly

important for her that we got O Levels, A Levels, and we were able to have a career, because her own experience was 20 years at the kitchen sink. But it's an individual thing. They were very upset when I wanted to leave school and cop out of the system altogether. They really freaked. If you didn't have some other aspiration, then you were a failure, if you didn't actually do something. I don't know whether it's because of her own experience that she thinks like that or whether it's a class thing.

. . . I was brought up on a farm, my mother was the maid. The only time my father cooks is when he's going to make lobster marinade or something, he makes up his own recipe and his own sauce and leaves 20 saucepans for my mother to wash up. She's never refused to do anything for anybody, and will stay up till 2 o'clock washing somebody's sweater to be ready for the next morning, and never thinks of herself, never.

. . . Reading was her escapism, because you'd go crazy over 20 years, permanently from the time you get up, at 8 o'clock, going on until everyone else has gone to bed, and still the house wasn't tidy but she'd given up caring. She had more of an A.S. Neill attitude I suppose, our house was similar to Summerhill in that there were bicycles and canoes being built in the sitting room and she didn't mind. But maybe that's because you're isolated on a farm, you're away from other people, you've got no status or cleanliness things to keep up with. It was my father who worried, bringing back his friends to the house.

. . . Yes women are in an inferior situation but it's up to the individual, basically, in everyday situations, to make sure that that doesn't happen, on a personal basis.



ANN Could we talk a bit about what you expect to be doing in the next say ten years, what images you have of yourselves, what you think women could be doing.

LYNN I think they should be working as much as the man should be working - there shouldn't be any difference. If a man wants to go out to work and he goes out to work, or if a woman wants to go out to work, or has to, there shouldn't be any difference, but because of our conditioning, a large majority of women are likely to go to work, get married, settle down, have children, perhaps go out to work again.

ANN I think usually also there's a lot of pressure from husbands that women should be at home.

LYNN And that's their conditioning, and their upbringing.

PAUL I think it's entirely up to each individual to do what you want to do. I don't see why you should feel any pressure about jobs and things, because there are just as good jobs for women.

LYNN Casual jobs, yes, but -

PAUL No, qualified jobs. The last college I was at, there was a medical secretarial course, which is just like any secretarial course, - you learn a medical dictionary, you just have to know the terms - and a lot of the chicks I knew there were earning £35-£40 a week in their first jobs.

HELEN Yeh, but how many women can go to college anyway, and where do they come from? How many women do you think are in college who are working class, in comparison to middle class women? What if she's got three kids? And she's intelligent, and she's had a reasonably normal education, and she wants to go to college, how does she do it? She's got three kids at school, she hasn't got a husband, and she can't go out to work either, and she lives on the dole.

PAUL Well, there are day nurseries.

HELEN There are less now than there were after the war.

ANN And women are still expected to take responsibility to get the child to the nursery, to take the child home.

PAUL Yeh, but if you have kids you're taking on that responsibility.

HELEN Well, whose responsibility is it? Who determines if I get pregnant or not? If I sleep with a man and I get pregnant, whose responsibility is it?

PAUL But you don't have to be pregnant if you don't want to be.

HELEN Why should I not be able to have children if I want them anyway? Every woman wants kids, and if she doesn't, it's for social reasons.

LYNN The point is, if you've got kids, and one of the parents is away, a woman cannot get the government to pay for a housekeeper while she goes out to work or gets an education. A man can get a housekeeper paid for him.

HELEN Yeh, what about that responsibility of the individual? I mean children are individuals too, so if I'm responsible for three other individuals who are very young, who might just get a place in a nursery, at different times of the day, who are dependent on me for what they eat, for what clothes they wear, and for where they sleep, and if I'm able to get a part time job, and if I'm lucky, and they happen to know me in the neighbourhood, and if I have a good relationship with a man shopkeeper - and it's usually men who run businesses - maybe he'll let me go away for 20 minutes to pick up the kids. But then who takes care of them till I come home, how do I have enough time to earn enough money to feed the kids, if you work in a part time job, you get less money than being on the dole, so it's clear that you have to be on the dole.

Women spend years on the dole, and it's not enough money, more than half of it goes on the rent, then they've got to find food, clothes, inevitably you start stealing, shoplifting, stuff like that, and they come in prison, kids go into a home, or get taken away -

PAUL Well, I think that's pretty pessimistic.

HELEN That is what is actually happening, all over London.

LYNN But that's the same for any single parent.

HELEN I don't think it matters if you're single.

LYNN No, I mean just one person looking after kids. The alternative to that is having your husband go out to work.



At the end of November the newly-appointed student editors of the Middlesex Hospital Journal announced a beauty competition. They wanted to find Miss Middlesex, 'the loveliest lady in your life'. "We wanted publicity

- any publicity is good publicity. It's very difficult to get a hospital journal going - a lot of people will look at it but won't buy it". Within five days of the announcement 500 copies of a leaflet entitled 'Why isn't Miss Middlesex a man?' had been circulated among medical students and student nurses. The impetus came from fourteen men and women in the left group within the students union. "This is the first time the students union has done something particularly relevant to women", said Steve Iliff, a clinical medical student and Communist Party member. "But it's the first time there's been such blatant provocation".

In all its 75 years of existence the Journal has been "just for the upper crust of the hospital, upper middle class nonsense", Steve said. "The Journal is supposed to be for the whole hospital, but their definition of hospital excludes all ancillary workers".

'A number of us do not consider this a joke', the leaflet stated. 'We object on principle to this whole idea. To the men we say: Have more respect for the loveliest lady in your life. She has qualities far more important than the colour of her eyes, the shape of her breasts, the length of her legs To the women we say: To be judged by your picture is to be judged as an Object This whole idea reflects not only a basic arrogance and contempt for women as people, but is completely unnecessary - the Journal must find other ways of improving its circulation'.

The main response to this leaflet came from the Journal's editors, who countered with one of their own. "The people who signed the 'Why Miss Middlesex' leaflet were trying to give the impression that we degrade women", two of the men told me. "The idea was simply to get nice pictures on the Journal - not

to say that this girl's nice so there's nothing more to her".

The twelve entrants were judged by seven male orthopaedic patients. A male medical student in drag came last, the winner was a 3½ year old girl. The next issue of the Journal was to have had a Mr Middlesex competition but it's not going to happen now, "because it sounds as though we're playing up to the minority of women who are against the Miss Middlesex competition". In saying this though they were ignoring the involvement of men as well as women in rejection of the sex object. And there was a certain defensiveness in the way the editors were talking: "People are looking for male chauvinist pigs where there aren't any. We could have had nice-looking blokes but it's more conventional to have ladies. The fact that it's a nice-looking woman is irrelevant."

Ann Scott

Miss Ms.

Just before Christmas, Shireen Bano, an Indian painter living in London and working towards opening a women artists centre, went to the Passport Office to request that her passport carry the prefix Ms. The response of the bureaucracy was shattering: the woman behind the counter said 'What would your father say? If you went around with a passport saying Ms you'd be arrested in the Middle East. Are you in womens lib?'

Shireen tells her story: "She called another official. He said Ms means nothing - it doesn't mean single or married; I said Mr means nothing because that's not a specific term. He

immediately started saying Ms was a slang, American word, 'we don't use alien words in this country'. He pondered over the possible pronunciation - I said it was 'em ess' - two syllables. Then he said some people might start saying 'mess'. He referred to our discussion as an argument; another official asked me to rewrite my memorandum and post it to them, saying that a detailed correspondence would take time. He was very surprised when I said I didn't mind waiting, then he said there was a serious communication problem in the world, implying that I ought to be self-sacrificing."

"I couldn't take it a moment longer, I knew I wasn't talking to the right person. I went straight to the womens liberation workshop in Earlham Street - when you're in such a bizarre situation you need intelligent

people to help you recover."

At no time has Shireen seen her struggle as an individual one. Writing on Workshop paper and signing herself Womens Liberation Workshop Member, she wrote to the Passport Office straight after Christmas: "We believe that a woman's identity is not to be determined by her marital status ... The status of men is not determined by their marital status and I expect the same right."

The Passport Office was again stubborn: "An immigration officer might well think that Ms is a mutilation of Mr or that the 'r' had been omitted from Mrs... When you introduce yourself in conversation I imagine that you are faced with the choice of describing yourself as Mrs, Miss, or by your Christian name, Ms being incapable of pronunciation. It is surely not unreasonable that

passport practice should follow the same reasoning."

Shireen: "I'm going to reply to their letter and help them with their logic - and wait for them to reply to that... Figuratively speaking I think the women at Earlham Street saved my life. Perhaps literally as well, but then obviously one doesn't know that". On the Workshop's suggestion Shireen contacted Judith Hart MP: "She was very encouraging, she said that she would definitely take the matter up in Parliament... I definitely think they'll concede. But not if I leave it to their kindness. Every woman I know calls herself Ms. I'm going to start getting signatures from women who want to start using it."

Shireen Bano can be contacted through the Womens Liberation Workshop, 38 Earlham Street, London WC2.

Our Mothers, Our Selves cont'd

HELEN How many women are there in London who haven't got a place to live, who are put up in hotels by the council? I mean Glasgow, then you're really getting into something heavy: 5 out of every 10 kids poor, very poor, and then you've got the problem of what to do with all those kids who are taken away and put in homes because of these situations by the women themselves. The women don't want to be separated from their kids, and they want to work and they want to have a normal life and they could never consider buying things for themselves, which is a bit hard on any woman, especially a young woman who's never really had any freedom, so to speak, just to go out on her own and have a look round.

LYNN Perhaps there are some women who genuinely enjoy looking after kids, who like to be with their children, who'd prefer not to go out to work. I don't know any but I imagine there are people who enjoy watching their kids growing up and being with them most of the time. When they've got the choice they usually do that but when you haven't got the choice and you've either got to stay at home or you have to go out to work, then problems come.

HELEN How much individual choice have you got when you've got people depending on you for their livelihood? That's quite a lot to expect.

LYNN I'd say when you're single and you're young then it's up to the individual, but when you've got responsibilities then your limits are confined by economic pressures.

HELEN But how much is it up to me how I live? How much of it is up to me and how much of it is up to the society in which I live? I can't say that I'm free to do what I want, because no matter what I do, I have to have the means to do it, or the intellect -

LYNN What do you want to do that you can't do?

HELEN Lots of things - there's a lot of movies tonight I'd like to go and see and I can't because it's 75p. I'd like to get off the dole and I can't because I wouldn't be able to go to school.

LYNN If you've got the choice to go to further ed. or educate yourself in any way, it's preferable to filling somebody else's pockets. You know the reason I came here was more to feel a self-fulfilment rather than filling somebody else's pockets.

HELEN But your education will only lead to filling somebody else's pockets anyway.

LYNN Not necessarily, not necessarily.

Jean Gardiner's piece on inflation begins a series of articles which will provide a background to current economic events. The articles will not deal exclusively with questions related to the economic position of women, but will explore and clarify the general economic situation in Britain. We think it's important that as women we begin to lose some of our shyness about economics, we want to know how you react to the article, please tell us if you have difficulties in understanding it. We would like suggestions about other topics that could be looked at.

We have now had 15 months of Counter-Inflation Legislation (November 1972 - January 1974) during which the increase in prices has nearly doubled - from about 6 per cent a year to nearly 11 per cent (as measured by the retail price index, which considerably underestimates the rate of inflation experienced by most people, especially the lowest paid). Food prices have risen by a massive 50 per cent since the election to power in 1970 of a Tory government which was committed to cutting price rises "at a stroke".

The Counter-Inflation Legislation began in November 1972 with the Phase 1 freeze on wages. The subsequent Phases 2 and 3 have both allowed roughly 7 per cent rises in wages. In neither case have the permitted increases been sufficient to maintain real income. Even with a rate of inflation of 6 per cent, given the present tax structure, the average worker needs an increase of more than 9 per cent in gross wages in order just to stand still in real terms. The lowest paid need even higher rises in pay to offset losses in means-tested social benefits. Yet there is now talk of going back to a complete wages standstill with possible exceptions for special groups of workers, like the miners. In other words back to Phase 1 with living standards even lower and inflation even higher.

Ever since 1966 (the Labour government wage freeze) we have been more or less constantly faced with governments claiming that a temporary tightening of belts is all that is needed for growth and prosperity. The pattern is therefore familiar but the arguments get less and less convincing. Inflation is clearly not just caused by trade union militancy. In fact it is a reflection of a very complex process at work both at a national and an international level.

Inflation has accelerated in all the industrial capitalist countries in the last few years for several reasons:

1) The growth of productivity has slackened off in those countries which experienced most rapid economic growth in the post-war period, like Germany and Japan, due to the closing of the technology gap with America. This has coincided with a near exhaustion of the labour reserves that could previously be tapped at low wage rates in the agricultural sectors of these countries - which has meant a strengthening in the bargaining power of labour overall. The two factors together have led to a continuing increase in wage costs.

2) The international monetary system which was based on undisputed U.S. dominance and the dollar as major international currency, collapsed in 1971. In that year the dollar was devalued and since then exchange rates of all the major powers have been unstable and the competitive struggle for export markets has intensified. The collapse of the system of fixed exchange rates has had highly inflationary consequences for all countries. Revaluing countries have experienced mas-

sive inflows of speculative money which raises the level of demand. Devaluing countries have experienced rises in import prices which increase costs.

3) Inflation is self-reinforcing in the world market since money in general, as well as specific currencies in particular, becomes less and less desirable to hold, and speculation in commodities more and more profitable. This is one important factor explaining recent sharp rises in commodity prices.

4) Superimposed on all this and no doubt partly a product of the disarray in the advanced capitalist camp has been an assertion of greater bargaining power on the part of third world countries, notably the oil producers.

But there are specific reasons why Britain should be currently experiencing rates of inflation even worse than elsewhere:

1) Britain has suffered more than most countries from the instability in the international monetary system, since it started from an exceptionally weak balance of trade position which has subsequently been exacerbated by government policy. Since 1971 the value of the pound has declined 20 per cent which means that the price of imports in Britain has risen 20 per cent more than their world price. The government has chosen not to intervene in this process but to allow the pound to continue floating downwards.

2) Because of entry into the Common Market, Britain has abandoned its traditional cheap food policy. Although recent rises in food prices have been due to the effects of the depreciation of the pound and the rise in world prices, Britain's adoption of the Common Agricultural Policy means that food prices will not come down again - even when world prices fall.

3) In Britain, unlike other advanced capitalist countries, there has been a stagnation in the growth of real incomes for a decade now. This is because quite considerable increases in money incomes have been absorbed by rises in taxes on the one hand and prices on the other. This very slow growth, coming after the fifties when trade union organisation was strengthened by relatively successful struggles for higher pay, has led to heightened militancy on the part of workers. Moreover in this process trade union organisation has spread to more and more groups of traditionally unorganised workers, such as white collar and hospital workers. There are fewer and fewer groups willing to bear the brunt of the squeeze on living standards.

4) Since the mid-sixties British governments have been attempting to restructure the economy towards export-led growth. This implies holding down consumption, i.e. wages, and switching resources into exports and investment. This has intensified the struggle over income shares and with it inflation, because of the resistance it has met with from the working class movement.

The rational put forward for holding down wages is that profits must be increased in order to finance investment which is needed for growth. Yet it is clear that in the last two years of rapidly rising profits investment has increased only slightly. More and more people must therefore be questioning why all else gets subordinated always to profits.

Jean Gardiner

Glossary

Productivity: output per employee. A rapid rate of productivity growth enables wages to rise without causing either inflation or a diminution of profits.

Technology gap: a difference in the degree of technical advancement between countries which causes some to require greater inputs of labour than others in a particular production process. Countries with a technology gap to close can achieve rapid productivity growth without massive research.

Wage costs: the amount that has to be paid out per unit of output in wages. It is determined by both the technical efficiency of production and the struggle for wages.

Devaluation or Depreciation: a lowering in the amount of foreign currency you can buy with your own. It makes your exports cheaper in terms of foreign currency and your imports more expensive in the domestic economy.

Revaluation or Appreciation: is the reverse process.

NB. Devaluation and revaluation refer to changes in a fixed exchange rate. Depreciation and appreciation refer to changes in a floating exchange rate.

Floating pound: pound whose exchange value against other currencies is not fixed at a given rate. Thus its exchange value will fluctuate - float upwards (appreciate) or float downward (depreciate) - according to changes in the balance of trade, speculative flows of money, etc.

Money income: the actual amount of money people get paid.

Real income: money income less tax deductions and the effect of rising prices.

Speculation: purchase of a commodity or asset on the expectation of a rise in price. When large companies indulge in this they can themselves bring about such a rise.

Balance of trade: the relationship between a country's exports of goods, services and its imports.

Trade deficit: an excess of imports over exports.

Export-led growth: a policy of securing high profits and rapid growth rates through diverting resources into exports. Such policies were successfully pursued by countries in Western Europe and Japan until recently. The problem with it is that not all countries can do it together since for some to be net exporters, others have to be net importers. The policy broke down for Europe and Japan in 1971 when it produced a serious trade deficit for the USA.

What are your chances of g

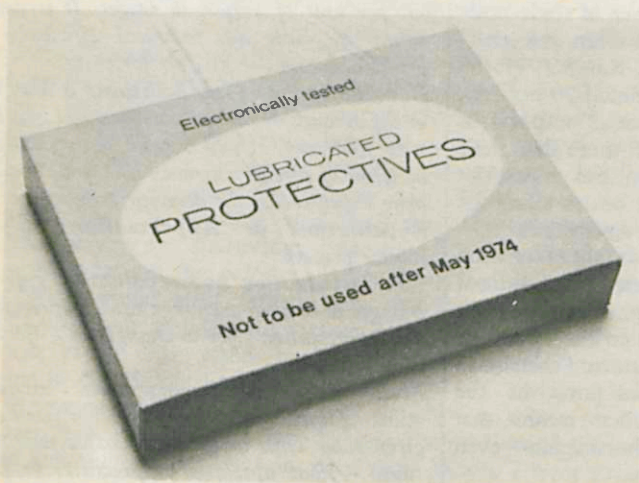
120,000 unwanted babies are born in Britain every year.

The more you know about contraception, the less chance you've got of having an unwanted baby.

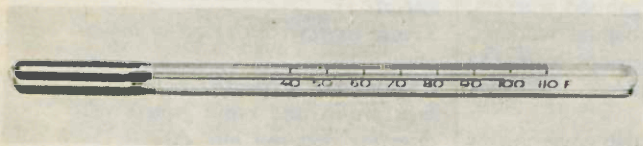
How much do you know?

Questions.

1. How many children can a woman have?
2. What can the Pill do for you apart from stop a baby?
3. If 'withdrawal' has been good enough for hundreds of years, what's wrong with it now?
4. Does swallowing a whole packet of the Pill bring on an abortion?
5. Do spermicides offer protection against VD?
6. How can one woman make another pregnant?
7. What does family planning advice in a clinic cost?
8. Which is the odd one out? The Margulies Spiral, Hall Stone Ring, Golden Square, Lippes Loop?



9. Would these be safe in June?
10. Can a virgin wear a loop?
11. Does a woman need to worry about contraception after she's had the menopause?
12. Who first practised birth control? The Ancient Egyptians, The Greeks, The Romans, The Elizabethans or The Victorians?
13. What's wrong with douching to prevent pregnancy?
14. How long should you leave a cap in place after intercourse?
15. What can a family planning clinic tell you that a friend can't?

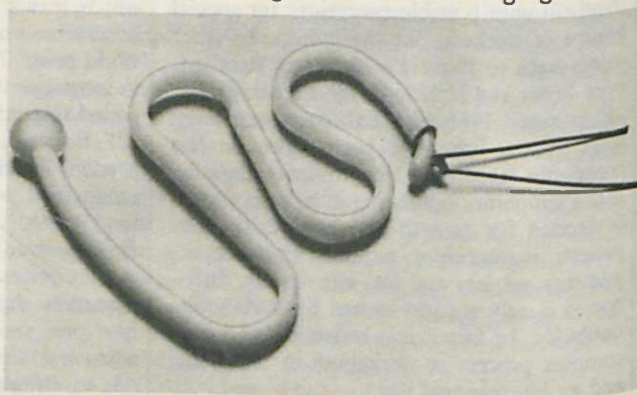


16. How can this help stop a baby?
17. Will the loop make your periods more painful?

18. Is it safer to make love before a period or after a period?
19. Are the cheap forms of contraception always the least effective?
20. Does it help to stop babies if you stand during intercourse?
21. How long do you have to wait in a family planning clinic?



22. How can alcohol make you pregnant?
23. Do you become unusually fertile when you stop taking the Pill?
24. Can a sheath come off during intercourse?
25. Do all the family planning clinics welcome single girls?



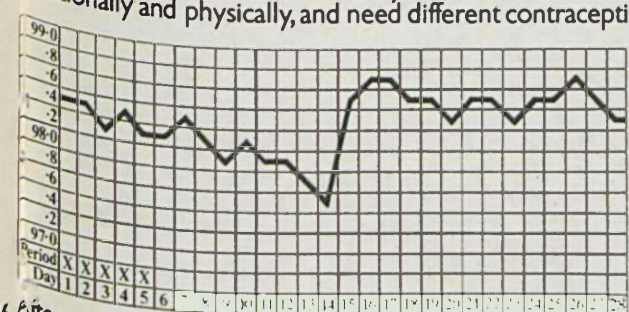
26. How would you feel with this inside you?
27. Can a man have a climax after a vasectomy?
28. Can a woman change her mind after sterilisation?
29. Is there a special method of contraception for young girls?
30. Where is your nearest family planning clinic?

Ar
1. A he
or 2
2. Qui
time
lesse
wor
hair
3. The
pop
Wi
befo
trust
4. No.
5. Not
Hov
6. Just
wor
than
and,
7. Befo
of po
ind
cont
20p
8. The
Squa
9. Prob
a cer
on it
10. No.
coun
But a
11. A w
The
12. Even
cont
beco
13. It do
14. Six H
15. Your
or cl
emo
99-0
-8
-6
-4
-2
98-0
-8
-6
-4
-2
97-0
Period
Day
16. After
her t
safe
safe
your
17. Is yo
you
do y

getting pregnant tonight?

Answers.

1. A healthy woman could bear a baby every year. Perhaps 20 or 25 children. Could you bear the thought?
2. Quite a lot. Some women experience orgasm for the first time on the Pill, pre-menstrual tension and discharge are lessened, periods are less painful and more regular. And a woman might notice an improvement in the condition of her hair and skin. It's also the most effective contraceptive of all.
3. The Victorians practised 'withdrawal'. In those 60 years the population of Britain rose from 18,000,000 to 37,000,000. 'Withdrawal' is chancey because a man can release sperm before he reaches orgasm. So all the willpower needed and frustration caused by withdrawing can be wasted.
4. No.
5. Not at the moment. Spermicides kill sperms, not VD germs. However scientists are working on it.
6. Just by talking to her, and giving her bad advice. Too many women would rather listen to friends about contraception than go to a family planning clinic where help is friendly, private and, above all, accurate.
7. Before April 1st it will be free in some clinics, about a couple of pounds in others. After April 1st all advice, examinations and fitting will be free at National Health Clinics. And the contraceptives, themselves, will be available on prescription (20p). Much cheaper than an unwanted baby.
8. They're all names of intra-uterine devices, except Golden Square—a famous place in London.
9. Probably. The dates stamped on French Letter packets allow a certain margin of error—but you wouldn't be wise to bank on it.
10. No. The loop is for the woman who has already had intercourse—or, better still, had a baby. And very effective, too. But a virgin can't be fitted with a loop.
11. A woman can still have a baby two years after her last period. The more recently she's had children the greater the risk.
12. Even the Ancient Egyptians, 3000 years ago, concocted strange contraceptive creams. Obviously they weren't too keen to become mummies, either.
13. It doesn't work, and it can cause infection.
14. Six hours, at least. You can leave it in longer, but not less.
15. Your friend may tell you what's best for your friend. A doctor or clinic will tell you what's best for you. Women differ both emotionally and physically, and need different contraceptives.



16. After a woman has ovulated (that's when she's most fertile) her temperature rises. And three days after ovulation she's 'safe' to make love. So a thermometer can help discover the 'safe' period. Unfortunately a touch of 'flu, say, can also put your temperature up, which is confusing.
17. If you have comfortable periods before you have a loop fitted, you are unlikely to develop painful periods afterwards. If you do you should consult your clinic or doctor.

18. The so-called 'safe' period is the eight or nine days before a period. Unfortunately while you know when one period ends, it is impossible to be sure when the next will start. Periods can be regular for months and then suddenly vary. So to use the 'safe' period with security could restrict your love-making drastically.
19. Not necessarily. The loop and sterilisation are both inexpensive, and very effective. However, the very cheapest methods, 'withdrawal' and the 'safe' period are much less safe.



20. No. Nor does holding your breath during orgasm. Or jumping up and down after, or sneezing before, intercourse. There's more superstitious nonsense talked about birth control than anything else.
21. You might have to wait a little while. But seldom more than 20 or 30 minutes—and never as long as nine months.
22. It can make you slapdash about your contraceptive. And it can lower a girl's resistance. A few large tots on a Saturday night can mean a tiny tot nine months later.
23. No. Nor are you more likely to have twins.
24. A lot of men worry about this more than they need to. There's always a slight chance that it may be pulled off when the man withdraws. It's best to withdraw quite soon after orgasm.
25. No one, single or married, man or woman, should think they will be frowned on at a family planning clinic. These clinics are there to stop unwanted babies, and single girls seldom want babies.
26. You would feel very secure. This is an IUD, one of the safest contraceptives of all. It may not look very comfortable, but if you've already had a baby, you probably wouldn't feel it at all.
27. Yes. And he does. Sperms are only a tiny proportion of the fluid when a man has a climax. A vasectomy just stops the sperms reaching the fluid.
28. Only very rarely. So it is a big step to take, and perhaps best left to the woman with several children. However, personal circumstances are all important in deciding. It is a simple operation, of course, and a very effective method of birth control.
29. It's tragic to see the number of girls in their early teens who become pregnant every year. The most effective form of contraception for these young girls (or anyone else) is not to have sex. Failing that, one can only say the more a young person knows about contraception the better.
30. If you don't know, contact your local health department, your family doctor, look under 'Family Planning' in the telephone directory or Yellow Pages—or write to, The Health Education Council, 78 New Oxford Street, WC1A 1AH.



The Health Education Council

THE ONES THAT GOT

Even a casual reader of newspapers can find enough sexism in an average daily to make her throw it down in rage ... Zoe Fairbairns, who has to read some fifty newspapers a week, finds that it is not just the major Woman's Page type stories that have the power to infuriate. It is the shorts, the snide comments, the letters, the ads ... from a month of reading, she brings you some of the obscure stories you may have missed the first time, the ones that got away.

The discovery that women, being better drivers, get more miles to the gallon than do men, does not legitimately belong with the stories that 'got away', since it got fairly wide coverage; but only those of you who read the Scotsman will have had the benefit of motoring correspondent J.C. Bowman's happy choice of words: "Assuming that every wife could return the same mileage benefits, the average motorist could improve his m.p.g. to give an extra 360 miles."

More examples of words which might have been more happily chosen have been found in a bumper crop of recent headlines: for instance, the *Daily Telegraph* on January 7: "Deported Girl Tells of Ordeal: 'I was fall-guy in Heathrow Case'"; on December 27, the *Scotsman* headed a story "Woman on pay-raid charge," and not till you read it did you discover that four people had in fact been charged, three of them men; and on January 4, the *Daily Express* reported the discovery that Britain's university students are the brightest in the world under the headline, "Britain's bright boys beat the world."

Evelyn Home, *Woman's Agony Columnist* is retiring ... whatever one's reaction to that news, we are surely better off without a pseudonym whose origin, twenty-six years ago was "Eve for the eternal woman, Home for what every woman wants ..." and in Israel, encouraging progress is being made in the treatment of multiple sclerosis by a team headed by "an attractive 40-year-old professor who is also the mother of two children," according to the *London Evening*

CLASSIFIED

Classified advertising rates: 5p per word, box numbers 50p. Must be pre-paid and sent to Spare Rib, 9 Newburgh Street, London W1A 4XS. Spare Rib reserves the right to refuse classified ads. Please make all cheques and postal orders payable to Spare Ribs Ltd.

■ **INNER-FREEDOM-SEEKING**, radical relationship wanted, aware woman friend sought by young, non-English bachelor guy, for awareness sharing and sex. Box No. 211.

■ **BI-SEXUAL WOMAN** in Leicester seeks others for friendship. Box No. 212.

■ **HOMOSEXUAL/BISEXUAL** women join the Campaign for Homosexual Equality. CHE is your voice - make it louder! Meetings and socials throughout Britain. Send 9 x 4 sae to CHE (332), 28 Kennedy St, Manchester 2.

■ **PREGNANT WOMAN** seeks others to form together a Council-financed playgroup in Highbury for under three's. Phone Luciana at 01-226 2494 or 01-226 7615 evenings.

■ **FEMALE/female** exclusive introductions; highly confidential service for release, friendship, liberation, etc. SAE - "Lesbos & Ariadne", The Golden Wheel, Liverpool L15 3HT

■ **Sappho Magazine**. Published by homosexual women for all women. Monthly 30p inc. post. BCM/PE-TREL. London WC1V 6XX. Meeting first Monday each month. Upstairs Room. 7.30pm Euston Tavern. Judd St./Euston Rd., London NW1.

■ **Sisterhood books**, c/o 22 Great Windmill St., London W1. Send SAE for list.

■ **Postal Introductions** for friendship or marriage. Details from *Duet*, 11 Macclesfield St., London W1.

■ **21 years old man** in London seeks woman (possibly musician?) for companionship and sex. Box no. 182

■ **WE WANT** someone with a kid for mixed house including girl 3, needs company. Own room communal food. Cardiff. Please write 67 Allensbank Road, Heath, Cardiff.

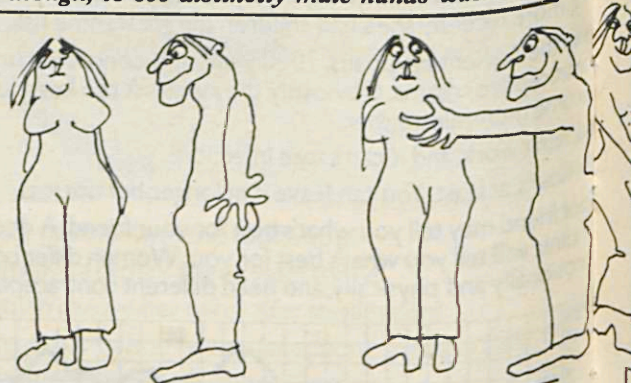
■ **GAY GIRL 20** seeks similar for lasting relationship. Notts/Derby. Box No 214.

Standard who, sadly, failed to tell us what colour her hair was ... finally, a gallant metaphor from Herr Apel, West German Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who, complaining that Britain was being less-than-helpful to its Common Market partners over the oil shortage, declared that "if member countries of the Community had to buy solidarity it would be like having to pay for a wife to be faithful."

From ill-chosen words to ill women: the manufacturers of Fynnon Salt have come up with a pleasant way to sell their product. A middle-aged pain-filled female face stares out of the page, saying, "They say I should have a complete break ... so who looks after the house? Someone's got to keep things going ..." So she won't take her complete break after all, she'll take her Fynnon Salt, which "can be a real help" with rheumatic pains, and soldier on. Still, never mind, perhaps she'll get the chance to speak on a phone-in programme, even if David Flintham of the *Western Mail* won't be listening with any enthusiasm. In a piece nastily entitled "Master the Art of Chatting up Wives" on January 8, Flintham opined that "Asking women one has never met and is never likely to what their husbands do for a living must be very boring for an intelligent man." Probably pretty boring for the wives themselves, too; perhaps they will be asked about themselves some day.

Radio London had a good phone-in on January 14; the subject was Toni Holt from *Playgirl*, the magazine that features full-frontal male nudes. Whatever one may feel about full-frontal male nudes, it was very interesting to hear male caller after male caller expressing his anxiety that portrayal of 'perfect' male bodies might make women dissatisfied with their imperfect mates, might render men impotent with embarrassment, might corrupt young children; and in the *Daily Express* next day, Sandy Fawkes was at pains to reassure worried male readers that, in choosing her models, Toni "doesn't have a female equivalent of the casting couch."

Other pictures ... what can one say about 3½ year-old-Karen Evans being crowned Mini Miss United Kingdom in London in January? Or about the party at Great Ormond Street children's hospital which was attended by a Playboy Bunny in full uniform, to the apparent delight of all present (are the children stealing Daddy's fantasy, or ...?) It was good, though, to see distinctly male hands washing



■ **Gentle Ghost Help Advice and Information**. If there is no one you can share your problems with, or if you are suffering from the unrealities of our materialist society, come along to 27 Norland Rd., W11. (2nd floor) where there will be someone you can talk to (in private); or phone 01-603 8983. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm.

■ **Gentle Ghost services** include: artists, cooking, decorating, domestic services, dressmaking, gardening, journalism, research, removals, secretarial and teaching; but try us for anything and we may be able to help. 01-603-2871 services; 603-2865 removals; 603-8983 Help advice and information. 27 Norland Rd., London W11

■ **Women's Books**, wide range available from 11 Waverley Rd, Bristol 6.

■ **WOMAN PSYCHO-THERAPIST** (Jungian) now has vacancies for women. Highgate area. Tel: 01-348 5593.

■ **Help Advisory Service** 79 Buckingham Palace Rd., London SW1 828 7495.

■ **Women's Liberation Literature** - or any books. Send SAE for free booklet to H Rutovitz, 31 Royal Terrace, Edinburgh.

■ **NUCLEAR TESTING** can mean cancer, damaged babies, and war. The Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament fights against ALL nuclear weapons. Keep in touch by reading *Sanity* - £1 per year. CND, 14 Grays Inn Road, London WC1

AWAY...

dishes in a Water Board 'Save Water' ad in the Scotsman on December 27.

Further appearances of the strange phenomenon of the media treating "Women's Lib" as something entirely separate from the quest for sexual equality and liberation; Allen Wright, for instance, reviewing the Jane Fonda 'Doll's House' in the Scotsman on January 7, expressed surprise that Ms Fonda had given "a finely judged performance." He had been worried that her "commitment to the Women's Lib movement could have distorted her interpretation of Nora." And, writing in *Capitol Girl*, (January), Peter Doyle of the Labour Party Young Socialists outlined the LPYS's campaigns for equal pay, nurseries, etc, and declared that the reason they had not been conspicuously successful was "Women's Lib ... It's all nice young ladies trying to get the same salaries as their daddies ... meanwhile millions of working class women aren't touched or organised at all."

In Iowa, U.S.A. there is embarrassment in four towns in which it is customary to give prizes to the first New Year baby; all contestants this year are "illegitimate," and the sponsors are concerned about the "undue negative publicity" that might accrue if these children receive the awards.

More of the hazards of being feminine; platform shoes may cause pelvic distortions and, ultimately, childbirth difficulties, according to Michael Abblott, chief chiropodist for Shropshire; and in Sicily, a 23 year old woman found crying in her agony in her home was rushed to a doctor to have removed the chastity belt which had been fitted by her jealous lover.

Finally, the case of Abdullah Patel, the Pakistani who wants his post-pubertal daughter to attend an all-girl school in order that she may conform to the dictates of his patriarchal religion. This has received generous coverage, raising as it does many issues: immigration, cultural imperialism, bureaucracy, freedom of choice in education, religion, racialism ... in the earnest discussion of all these aspects of the question, barely a column-inch has been spared for the rights of the girl herself. Still, she probably wouldn't be allowed to talk to reporters anyway. In a Right-On-Mr-Patel editorial on December 28, the Daily Telegraph concluded, "Mr Patel is fighting for liberty as well as Islam."

OVERSEAS

ABORTION legislation in Austria has been forced through parliament by the socialist government, permitting the termination of pregnancy within the first three months. Opposition demands for a national referendum were rejected.

Italy

NINETEEN DIFFERENT BUREAUS in Italy now have child-care funds in their budgets, in a situation of total confusion with regard to child care in that country. In an effort to bring some order to the scene, Communist MP's have recently prepared a White Paper, which proposes that all funds for child care be put under the Ministry of Health, and that the 9,047 state agencies and 8,055 municipal bodies which care for orphans be abolished, and their functions taken over by Italy's new regional governments.

From any point of view, the problem is a large one; the most recent statistics in Italy say that there are 240,275 Italian children in such institutes, as compared to a figure of 20,000 in Britain.

Ireland

THE NUMBER OF CHILDREN which a couple decide to have is outside the competence of the State to dictate or prescribe according to a recent decision taken by the Irish Supreme Court.

Ruling on an action brought by Ms Mary McGee, who began her suit after customs officials seized a contraceptive device from her in 1972, the court opened the way for married couples to bring contraceptives into the Republic without breaking the law. Sales within the country remain illegal, but the McGee decision is expected to help the passage of a Family Planning Bill aimed at legalising the sale and import of contraceptives, which was given its first reading in the Upper House of the Dail recently.

However, in the meantime, the Irish Family Planning Association is facing three summonses issued by the Irish Attorney General. One alleges the offering for sale of contraceptives, a second relates to alleged advertising of contraceptives, and a third accuses the association of breaking censorship laws by distributing family planning literature.

The case is to be heard in February; the summonses were issued on December 20, the day after the McGee decision.

Caribbean

TWELVE YEAR OLD PATIENTS aborted by Jamaica's senior gynaecologist, Dr. James Burrowes, didn't even know how they became pregnant, according to information recently made public by Burrowes. In his public campaign to liberalise Jamaica's Victoria abortion law, Dr. Burrowes calls for 20,000 abortions a year to cut Jamaica's exceedingly high birth rate (34 per thousand as compared to 14-15 per thousand in Britain) in order to control the island's population and prevent it from sliding towards 'barbarism and dictatorship.' Burrowes sees himself as a compassionate man, trying to put an end to backstreet butchery performed on ignorant women, but as a white Jamaican, he is open to charges from blacks who see any form of population control as genocide. So far, neither the government nor the Jamaican Medical Association have reacted to Burrowes' challenge.

Tracy Ullveit-Moe

ACTT RESEARCH INTO DISCRIMINATION

Ever seen or heard of a woman film camera operator? Apparently they do exist - In Russia.

And what about female lighting technicians, sound recordists and engineers?

SARAH BENTON, newly appointed researcher into discrimination against women for the ASSOCIATION of CINEMATOGRAPH, TELEVISION and ALLIED TECHNICIANS, might be providing the answers to what have become stock questions for

women in the industry.

She will be liaising with the ACTT's Committee on Discrimination Against Women and expects to present a report at the Association's annual conference in April this year.

"'WOMEN IN MEDIA' and other union members put up a motion at last year's conference," explains Sarah, "pointing out serious unrest among women in the industry. It was nothing to do with unequal pay. They've had equal pay since the 1930's, but women are still doing most of the

low grade jobs, which does in fact mean that they are on average earning less purely because they aren't getting into the higher grade pay areas. In the technical grades, for instance cameras, sound, lighting and engineering there are practically no women."

Sarah says she suspects the fault here may lie partially with the women themselves. "It seems that a lot of women are attracted to television and films for the wrong reason - glamour. They are prepared to get in on the scene through administrative jobs and don't seem to want to know about the technical grades."

Her first step as researcher will be to build up a file of known or suspected cases of discrimination against women (or discrimination against men seeking employment in areas of work traditionally confined to women.) She expects to send out about two thousand questionnaires. "It isn't an attitude questionnaire. I just want to sound out on career patterns, families, etc." explains Sarah whose only experience in television and films is watching them. She studied politics and history at Warwick University and has recently completed her M.A on labour history.

Christine Aziz

The Mythology of SHOPLIFTING

A woman of 50 with backache, headache, insomnia, dizziness and an almost perpetual sense of unhappiness. She is obsessive and often gets up in the night to see if the gas is off or the lights are turned out. She is not in debt, but is ignored by her family and she feels that life in the future stretches out like a desert.

This was the description of the typical menopausal female shoplifter which emerged from research carried out by Professor Trevor Gibbens of the Institute of Psychiatry. It appeared two years ago in the British Medical Journal, 11 years after Prof. Gibbens and a team first looked into the problems of shoplifting. It is now almost part of mythology: plays have been written about the menopausal thief who lifts items from supermarkets and scandalises her family. She is a standard figure for students of sociology to ponder.

But is she such an accurate figure nowadays? From more biting commercial research it seems that our unhappy female is not alone in the supermarkets and departmental stores anymore. Men have joined her in ever increasing numbers and now stand side by side in the statistics for convictions. The cost of living is an obvious indicator and the present food price spiral must in part be to blame for the fact that the average theft from a shop has jumped from £1 three months ago to £2 now.

Eight years ago, store detectives caught three women for every man. The gap shortened four years ago to two to one; now for every woman caught by the largest security company, Group 4, a man is also arrested. The male rate has jumped to 50 per cent of the total convictions in only a few years. The most recent Home Office figures, for 1972, show 21,874 men and 23,169 women convicted. When compared to the previous year, during which 20,786 men and 22,806 women were convicted, the male figures can be seen escalating faster: 1,088 to the female increase of 363.

Part of this can be explained by the fact that more and more boys under 15 are being apprehended stealing from shops - they are assimilated into the male statistics. Petty juvenile thieving has begun to include supermarkets in its range.

As male shoplifters are not presumably so readily analysed as neurotic when they pinch something off a shelf, perhaps it is time to explode the psychological mythology surrounding shop-lifting. One person who doesn't subscribe too much to the emotional motivation theories is Ken Bath, of the Group 4 company. He thinks that the word 'kleptomania' was invented by the middle classes when departmental stores sprung up in the 1890s to give a veneer of justification to rich lady thieves who pilfered the stores - which in those days were only patronised by the wealthy. Later, when the supermarkets opened, shoplifting was no longer the preserve of the middle-class.

"It was always assumed that the working class were dishonest anyway" says Mr Bath. "We are offered weird psychological reasons, but these in fact only account for



Cartoon by Margaret Edney

between 5 and 10 per cent of all shoplifting convictions. Most of them are out to get something for nothing."

He attributes the increase in the male figures to the continuing preference of big companies for self-service stores; even builders' merchants are turning over to self-service, and male customers are devising clever ways to remove goods without paying - such as feeding copper piping with narrow diameters into larger pipes so that the cashier can see only one length of tube.

Motor accessory and do-it-yourself shops are rapidly following this self-service trend, and the changing statistics are forcing Group 4 to review its manpower. Its fleet of 350 detectives is predominantly female - Ken Bath says women are traditionally better domestic police. But a woman is useless as a store detective in a self service builders' merchants where all the customers are men. They are still conspicuous in car accessory shops, so the male store detective is being groomed. "We are just beginning to employ men" says Mr Bath "they will become more necessary as serve yourself shops blossom."

Group 4 operates in the Arctic Circle, Portugal, and in Japan, where all store detectives are men because a Japanese man will not allow himself to be arrested by a woman.

The most probable reason why research into this 'crime' has centred on women is that they are the ones more likely to be consumers. It is almost automatic to assume that shoplifting is a woman's crime, like prostitution. Even the Howard League for Penal Reform, in a recent newsletter condemning prison sentences for it, referred to the offenders as 'these women'.

Judy Kirby

SHORTLIST

Use this space as a notice board. Send your notices to Shortlist, Spare Rib, 9 Newburgh Street, London W1A 4XS.

EVENTS

Women in Medicine

At a recent Health Students Conference on Medical Education it was proposed that a Women in Medicine group of women health students be set up, and that at the next conference there be a workshop on Women's Role in Medicine. Anyone interested please contact: Ruth Taylor, Taptown Hall, Crookes Rd., Sheffield, Yorks. Or: Anna Livingstone, 12 Lambert Rd., London SW2

Leeds Conference on Sexual Politics

Leeds Women's Liberation group have booked space in the Leeds Polytechnic for March 9th and March 10th. As yet they have no papers for this conference, though they do have lots of suggestions. Some areas which they hope will be covered are sexuality, radical feminism, the politics of prostitution, body politics (childbirth etc.), sexism, the relation between GLF and the women's movement, sexuality and revolutionary politics, etc. Papers should be sent to them on A4 stencils (with contributions towards the cost of paper) by February 22.

Registration fee is 50p. Please send this in with details of your accommodation, creche requirements, whether you will be coming on Friday night etc. Programme and list of papers received will be sent out to everyone who registers in advance, so please send large s.a.e. with your registration fee.

Cheques and POs to Lee Sanders, 15 Broomfield Crescent, Leeds 6. If you require bookstall space, please let us know well in advance. We haven't got a lot of womanpower in Leeds, so offers of help with creche, registration etc. would be very welcome. Are there any female groups for the social? Leeds Poly Union, Woodhouse Lane, Leeds 2. March 9 and 10 beginning 10.30 am.

Women and Psychiatry Seminar.

The date is now fixed for 23rd February and is at Birchwood Hall, Storrage, Great Malvern, Worcs. For details of workshops, times and how to get there contact Liz Devanish at the above address (tel Suckley 08864 203).

London Women in Education Conference.

This will now take place on Saturday Feb 16th. For information send stamped addressed envelope to Jean Taylor, 73 Ridge Road, London, N.8.

Help Free Our Chilean Sisters, Write to the Junta.

There are thousands of political prisoners in Chile, including many women. Friends from Chile urge that we write directly to the junta, asking for the release of prisoners. The junta is anxious to convince the world that it is orderly and law abiding. Thus the junta is sensitive to world opinion and public pressure can be effective. Letters in Spanish are most effective. Use the letter below to write directly to the junta (more effective than writing to the Chilean Embassy). Address the envelope to:

Senores Junta Militar, Santiago de Chile.
Senores Junta Militar Santiago de Chile.

Mi uy senores nuestros: Las noticias llegadas a nosotras de torturas, flagelaciones, arrestos en masa, apuramientos y fusilamientos de ciudadanos chilenos nos causan horror.

Por lo tanto, respetuosamente, apelamos a Uds., para que a la brevedad posible, sean dejadas en libertad las mujeres y todos los prisioneros politicos cuya suerte esta en vuestras manos.

Agradeceremos vuestro respeto a los derechos humanos
Atentamente,
(name and signature)

Translation (We are horrified by the news of tortures, beatings, mass arrests imprisonment and shootings of Chilean citizens. We respectfully ask you as soon as possible, to release the women and all the political prisoners who are in your hands. We will appreciate your respect for human rights.)

Gingerbread.

Gingerbread Association For One Parent Families are to hold their annual general meeting on the 19th-21st April. This will be a holiday weekend conference at Butlins, Clacton-on-Sea. All camp facilities will be opened to parents and kids plus full supervision of kids all day and evening, and a dance on Saturday evening. The conference will cover Day care, adult education, housing, law, finance etc. Cost: adults £7, kids under 14 £4.50, kids under 2 free. Book now - application forms from Gingerbread, 9 Poland St., London W.1. with stamped addressed envelope.

French Feminist Centre

A centre has just opened in Paris at 24 Cite Trevisse, 75009 Paris. Tel: 824 7150 & 7151. From this centre some women are producing a newsletter in English. If you would like to receive the P.O.W. newsletter (Paris Organisation, formerly Now or Never) contact the centre.

Aware

The clearing house for news and information about women, by women for women have set up the following research groups:

An Archives collective to collect and store information about women
Contact Marilyn 373 0407

Advertising Group. Contact Lucy Hodges 734 0561

Women and Unions, Contact Lucy 734 0561

Mortgages for women. Contact Sally Hesmondhalgh 228 5278

Women and Health. Contact Jill Rakusen 852 5785

Alternatives to Nuclear Family.

Eileen Meredith, 64 Mallinson Rd London SW11

Co-ordinating info & research Helen Lewis Jones 733 2832

Directory of Services c/o of

Women's Report Collective, 75 Albert Palace Mansions, Lurline Gardens, SW11.

Women and Socialism Conference

The conference on 'The campaigns of the women's movement' is to be held in Oxford March 23-24. Contact

Alison, Helen, or Lucy at 2b Kingston Road Oxford or phone

Jane or Gill at Oxford 46314

PUBLICATIONS

CLAP

The Community Levy for Alternative Projects is a new community levy to support new and old projects anywhere in Britain which are too unusual imaginative, alternative or revolutionary to get money from regular sources. CLAP will consist of a bi-monthly publication listing needy groups which London businesses and individuals may then choose to support. There are two major supporters so far (including BIT, Alternative London and Compendium Bookshop). For more information contact CLAP, c/o BIT, 146 Great Western Rd, London W.11, (Tel 01-229 8219).

Bristol Women's Centre Books

The centre have two non-sexist children's books from Canada (75p each) They also have new in, 'Country Girls in 19th Century England' (30p)

No Place on the River.

Shelter have put out a report calling for legislation to protect houseboat dwellers from harassment and summary eviction in a new report 'No Place on the River' published on the 8th January. Houseboat dwellers throughout the country have no protection under any rent act, and are often the subject of vicious harassment by property owners anxious to develop riverside sites for luxury housing and hotels. 'No other minority group' says the report 'faces the same acute problems as those facing boat dwellers'. This report is by Nigel Brown, edited by Moira Constable and published by Shelter, National Campaign for the Homeless, 86 Strand, London WC2R 0EQ at 10p per copy.

Your Money and Your Life - Insurance Companies and Pension Funds.

C.I.S. Anti-Report No 7.

In 1972 a quarter of all new investment and 30 per cent of savings was accounted for by life assurance funds, and the total value of their assets was in the region of £20,000 m. Pension funds are not far behind and will grow still further under new legislation. This report traces the history of insurance companies and shows how the power is used, especially in the field of property development, taking the Harry Hyams story and his links with Cooperative Insurance Society as prime example. They also concentrate on giant funds investment policies in South Africa etc. They give a detailed analysis of pension funds in the light of the 1973 Social Security Act, showing how women are discriminated against more than anyone else. This is an important report and worth reading. It costs 30p and can be obtained from CIS, 52 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1.

Belgian Feminist publications

'Et ta Soeur' a newspaper published by several groups working together can be obtained from: Edith Rubinstein, 19 rue M. Charcat. 1160 Bruxelles CCP 7194 'Les Cahiers du Crif' a Belgian Feminist review produced by an information and research group can be obtained from: Crif 59 rue Henri Van Zuylen, 1130 Bruxelles.

Danish Feminist publications

Women in Copenhagen are trying to organize 'Well, Women!', an International Self-Help Gazette. People interested in contributing information about self-help in their communities should contact Robin Red, erenprosvet 5st tv, Gentofte 2820, Denmark. The group is also involved in distributing self-help supplies - slides, speculums etc. internationally.

EXHIBITIONS

Women photograph women

The Half Moon Gallery is organizing an exhibition of photographs of women by women photographers to be held May

Women can be portrayed in an infinite number of ways, but they feel that it is important to show how women see themselves. They would like the show to be as open as possible and are looking for photographs of women of all ages, social strata and nationalities from many different sources. They are concerned with

exploring their lives, their relationships, and their roles. The gallery has room for approximately 50 photographs, and expect to show 3 and 6 photographs by each photographer. For further information contact Julia Meadows and Wendy Ewald at the Half Moon Gallery, 27 Alie St., London, E.1.



'Jealousy' by Edvard Munch

Virgin-saint, Temptress-whore, Widow-mother

Munch's tripartite image of woman dominates his exhibition at the Hayward. His personal neuroses gelled with the contemporary late nineteenth century stereotype of woman as vampire, extinguishing man's life and creativity.

Interestingly, the woman who instigated the 'Jealousy' painting Dagny Jeull, supported women's emancipation. Jules Meier-Graefe described an evening spent with 'Ducha' and Munch: 'One of us would dance with Duchu while the other two looked on from the table: one spectator was Munch, the other was generally Strindberg. The four men in the room were all in love with Duchu.'

Critics Choice

Tooth's Gallery's annual show Critics Choice is in the hands of a woman for the first time. Marina Vaizey, art critic for the Financial Times, has selected drawings including works by Judy Clark, Margaret Priest and Prunella Clough. Tooth's, 31 Bruton St., London W.1. Through March.

Weavers Workshop

The Workshop was founded two years ago to promote the development of woven textiles and hangings as works of art. Its new exhibition of tapestries and hangings is coming to the Cider Press, Dartington from 20 February to 13 March. These are all large scale works specially woven to show the possibilities of the medium in big architectural settings. The exhibition was originally shown at the Edinburgh Festival.



'Forest' by Pat Holton in Weavers Workshop exhibition

Women Artists Centre

A group of women forming a centre for women artists with working space and exhibition facilities. If you are interested in joining them contact them at the Workshop, 38 Earlam Street, London W.C.1.

FILM

Horse of Mud

We'll be going to the Collegiate Cinema to see Atiat El Abnoudi's Short documentary 'Horse of Mud' filmed in Egypt in 1971. Spare Rib readers will remember the interview with Atiat in S.R. no. 10. where she discussed the context of the film within her life in Egypt, and the problems she encountered with the Egyptian censors. 'They said we should not show people like that. If I was afraid I would not fight for the film, but I decided that this is our reality and we must not put our heads in the sand.'

The Collegiate Cinema March 2.

Hapkido

At last Chinese women fighter films are going on general release. See Spare Rib No.15 'Madame Butterfly turns Hornet' for a full description of this surprising genre. 'Hapkido' shows Angelo Mao in fighting form.

'La Vie Revee'

Mireile Dansereau studied filmmaking in England and made short films here before making this, her first feature in Canada about sexism and women's liberation - described ecstatically by *Time Out* as 'ideologically clear and cohesive, uncompromising and well made, imaginative ...' We'll be going to see it at The Collegiate Cinema, Sunday March 17 8.30 pm.

Women and Revolution in Vietnam

This slide show is a personal account prepared by a group of women active in W.L. in this country that links oppression, struggle and liberation of Vietnamese women to our movement. Available with speaker and written historical background for £3. Contact Indochina Solidarit'y Conference Women's Group, c/o Flat 6, 4 Cleve Road, London NW6.

PRINT YOUR OWN

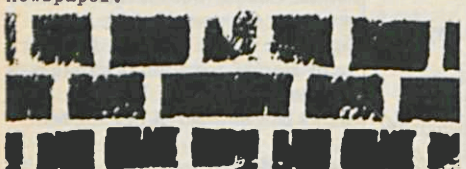
Whatever form the 'crisis' is taking this month: mortgages, pay, washing powder in short supply (if of course we have any hot water, or any money left to pay for it...) perhaps a few more of us will be wanting to do something about it... Whatever your particular battle might be, at some point you are likely to want to print your own... leaflets, notices, posters.. This month and next we are concentrating on all forms of printing, starting this Issue with the most basic forms. All these can be done at home without any machinery, but with a few basic tools. Next month I shall be talking to people producing community newspapers and describing forms of duplicating plate making, and printing presses.

The most awkward things to print with out machinery or expensive equipment are letters. Although I am describing various processes by which drawings or designs can be reproduced, this article is mainly concerned with the reproduction of letters, and simple decorative borders or symbols.

block printing

This is one of the most ancient and simplest methods of reproducing an image. It is split into two categories: The hand-held block that is pressed onto the paper, and the larger blocks that have the paper pressed onto them with rollers, pads or presses.

1. HAND HELD BLOCKS: Potato blocks, rubber stamps, small images cut into wood, lino or rubber and mounted onto a hand grip. They are inked up by pressing into a stamp pad or the ink is smoothly brushed on. You then press them onto your paper which, preferably, is slightly padded with layers of newspaper.



POTATO PRINTING Probably the simplest and most well known way of making a crude block. You can't get a detailed image and the block deteriorates rapidly, but it is ideal for practice and for reproducing basic images or symbols.



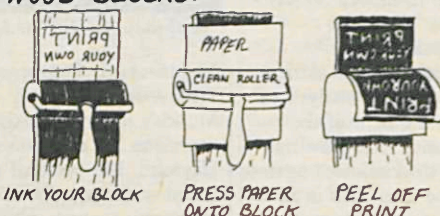
Slice down the centre of a large potato. It is important to cut STRAIGHT. Carve away the background to the image with sharp knife or lino cutting tools. Cut 2 little notches for a finger grip. You can either ink up your relief by painting it on smoothly, or use a well inked stamp pad.

This block was cut from a 1/4" sheet of tough but slightly spongy rubber, used for repairing shoe heels. Mounted on a block of wood for easy handling, and printed from a rubber stamp ink pad. When mounting a small image such as this on to a grip, ARAIDITE adhesive will last longer than an impact glue such as EVO-STICK

SPARE

2. LARGER BLOCKS made from wood cuts, lino cuts, plastic, hardboard etc.. Either the background is cut away, leaving your image in relief, or it is cut out and mounted on a block. Such materials as card, string, wire, or sticks can be used to build up your relief image on the block. They are printed by laying the paper over the inked block and pressing onto it with a clean roller, cloth pad, or a press.

WOOD BLOCKS.

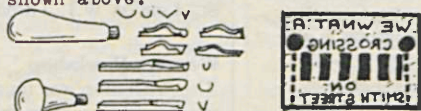


A Balsa wood print. The letters (BACK TO FRONT) were recessed in the wood with the end of a paint brush. The 'block' was inked up with a roller, and the image printed by placing a sheet of paper over it, and pressing it onto the wood with a clean roller.

Balsa wood is so soft that you can press your design into it, but other woods must be carved into with wood cutting tools, then printed in the same way. For lettering this is not very practical as it is a long process, requiring considerable skill to get a clear detailed image.

LINOCUTS.

For a strong, long lasting block, mount the lino on a piece of wood. With just a little practice clear, clean prints can be achieved. As Lino has no grain it is much easier to cut than wood and the basic tools are cheap and widely available. For small notices, stickers, it is one of the best methods. Print as shown above.



LINO CUTTING HANDLES AND GOUGES. YOU WILL ALSO NEED A SHARP 'STANLEY' KNIFE

off-set printing

This is where the image to be printed, plate, block, or a relief pattern as the piece of lace below, is inked up with one roller or a brush. Then the image is 'off-set' by rolling over it with a large clean roller. This roller picks up the image which is then rolled back across a clean paper reproducing the image exactly.



A piece of lace, printed by the 'off-set' method.



INK UP IMAGE PICK UP IMAGE PRINT OFF ON CLEAN ROLLER ONTO PAPER. One needs a large thick roller for this. The circumference of the roller being the length of the image you can reproduce

inks and rollers

ROLLERS are used for rolling out the ink on the ink slab, for transferring it to the printing surface, and for pressing the paper onto block. The hard rubber rollers will only ink up the highest relief points on the block, while the softer gelatine ones will press into the relief. Available in artist materials shops, (REEVES hard rubber rollers: 6"-88p, 4"-72p) The beautiful soft gelatine rollers range from £3 to £8...ALWAYS clean them after use and preferably store them hanging.

INKS: You can get special block printing inks from artists suppliers, but you can also experiment with any sort. The water based ones are easiest to use, dry quicker but look a bit flat. The oil based inks give bolder finish and brighter colours, but you need heaps of rag and kerosene for cleaning up. The colours are intermixable and it is cheaper to buy it in tins than the small tubes.

PRINTING. You will need a perfectly smooth sheet of glass, marble or slab of stone as an ink slab. Spread a layer of ink, the width of the roller, at the top of the slab. Roll the roller up to it, picking up a little ink. Work this up & down the slab till the roller is evenly covered. Ink up the block by working the roller up & down it. Too much ink will give a smudgy print, too little will look anaemic and spotty. The block must be reinked after each print.

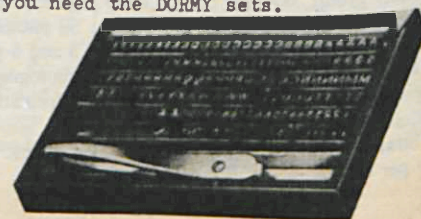
As well as using a roller to press your paper onto the block, you can also use a cloth pad, and I am assured that if you have an old mangle, this works as a primitive press. You run the block covered in a sheet of paper and piece of soft card slowly through it...

rubber stamps and letters

Making up blocks from potatoes, wood, shoe rubber etc, is quick and easy, it is also rough and primitive. You will never be able to achieve clear professional lettering. You will find any number of places that produce custom made rubber stamps, up to about 1/2" character height. Many office stationers such as RYMANS do them, or look up RUBBER STAMP MAKERS in your classified directory for a local firm. These stamps are useful for letter headings, stickers, addresses... but they are expensive and limited. You are probably familiar with the JOHN BULL printing sets of rubber letters and holders that are easily available in large stationers or toy shops. These are cheap and efficient, and allow you to make up and change your wording for ever.

SOUTH LONDON WOMEN'S CENTRE

I have only seen these John Bull sets in a range of very small letters. For the larger solid rubber letters, you need the DORMY sets.



PARTS

I had a lot of trouble locating a stockists of these, however you should be able to order them through toy shops or stationers, or mail order from the firm listed below.

The DORMY sets contain a balanced quantity of capital letters, figures and punctuation marks.

The range of character height is from

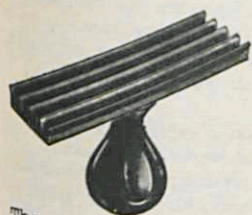
★ **NOW** ★

1/8th inch to 3/4 inch in the style above and 1/8th" to 15/16ths in the elongated letter.

These enable you to fit more letters onto your holder, and so decrease your word length.

AAA

You have to order the holder separately with most styles. They come in 1 to 4 line and from 2" to 10" long, depending on character height.



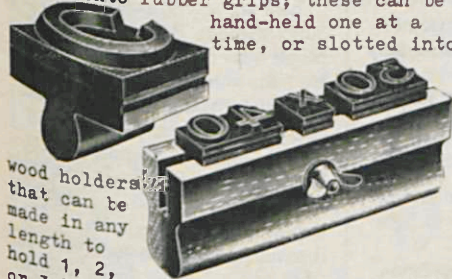
They are used with stamp pads that come in black, violet, red, blue and green. You will need a small bottle of stamp ink to keep them topped up. Since I got my set it has been in constant use for doing large headings to duplicated sheets, stickers, jumble sale notices and even with fabric printing dyes for teeshirts. (Although it is not advisable to use them with oil based inks or paints as it rots the rubber)

A set of the 3/4" (*NOW*) characters above was £6.50 including a 2 line, 6" holder, but excluding stamp pads.

PRINTING

You will get a clearer print if you pad your sheet of paper with layers of newspaper underneath. Also the DORMY holders are metal and have sharp edges. To prevent sore knuckles and blisters, cover the top of the holder with masking tape. It takes a bit of practice a fair bit of pressure and a well inked pad to get clear, bold prints.

For even larger characters, up to 2", you can get letters individually backed onto rubber grips; these can be hand-held one at a time, or slotted into



wood holders that can be made in any length to hold 1, 2, or 3 lines of wording.

The sets comprise 2 alphabets A to Z, Separate sets of numbers 0 to 9, and, to quote "...odd sorts of any letter or figure can be supplied if specially ordered."

Size 1 1/4" high: set A to Z..£4.90. Size 2" high.....: set A to Z..£8.50.

Holders to order.

I was warned that all prices are approx. and p & p must be allowed for.

However, if you have a set, look after it well & clean it after each use, it will last indefinitely.

Enquiries for the above to: ROBERT VAN HOUTEN LTD, 263-269 City Rd London EC1V 1NX. Tel: 01.251.1411.

stencils

Stencil sheets of letters can be bought from artists materials shops and large stationers. Where possible choose sheets of clear plastic not card as these deteriorate quickly and you can't see what you are doing. For larger letters they come stamped out of individual metal or plastic plates. R.VAN HOUTEN Ltd, mentioned above do a particularly useful range of brass inter-locking



stencils that help to get the spacing even. They also will cut stencils to order.



(Plastic wallet containing 76 inter-locking stencils..2"..Ato Z and 0 to 9, around £4, but a lot cheaper if bought loose.

If you want to produce just a one off poster, or the layout for making a photographic screen, stencils will help you get large clear lettering. They are also useful where the size or quantity of letters rules out LETRASET. They are a bit laborious to use, use good quality stencil brush.



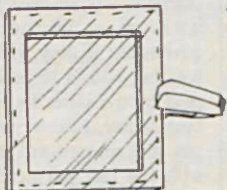
sexist

silk-screen

Silkscreening is really just a super development of the stencil process. Instead of the ink being printed through the holes in the stencil, it is forced through a very fine mesh. This mesh or 'silk' is stretched tightly over a wood frame. Your design is left open work for the ink to pass through, and the rest is blocked out.

frames

It is important that the frame should be strong and flat. It is almost always made of wood, but for experiments



a thick card frame can be used. (Over 12" it will start to buckle. The mesh is simply stapled round it and brown sticky tape used to line the inside edges.

The wooden frames must have strong corner joints. Below are three examples In each one also use 'Resin W' wood glue and varnish the frames before use. 3 JOINTS FOR FRAMES. ALSO USE GLUE.



The material is stretched tightly over the frame in the order shown....

A staple gun is best for attaching it. Then you line the inside edges with brown sticky tape to prevent the ink from getting between the frame and the screen.

material

Whatever material you use, certain properties are fairly essential. Strength, fine regular mesh and durability.

TERYLENE net is very strong, cheaper than nylon or silk and easy to clean. NYLON. 'Como-nylon' is the type you

stephanie
gilbert



want. Its very long lasting, but it sags a bit if used with water based inks. SILK. 'Como-silk' is the most widely used, but expensive. Very strong & fine. ORGANDIE. nice and cheap and easy to get Fine for practising, but tears easily.

squeegees

The squeegee is a long strip of hard rubber held in a wood grip, that is used to pull the ink across the screen. These can be bought at art supply shops or home made if you can find a source of the hard rubber strip. It is important that the blade edge is kept square & sharp. Below: three ways of gripping the rubber.



stencil

The simplest stencil is cut from paper laid between the screen and your print paper and the squeegee & ink pulled across. The ink acts as a glue, sticking it to the screen. This is good for trials but doesn't last long.. LIQUID STENCILS: These are different 'fillers' that you paint onto the inside of the screen. They fill up the holes in the mesh preventing the ink from passing through. BLUE filler, a water soluble cellulose..

RED filler..soluble in meths so OK for water based inks.

PROFILM. A film of shellac on a transparent backing sheet. You lay it over your design, and with a sharp knife, cut away the part to be printed. You then place it on a pad of newspaper, shellac side up, lay the screen over it and put another sheet of paper over the top of the screen. You then iron over it and the heat melts the shellac into the screen. Peel off the backing sheet.

printing

Having finally got your screen all ready it is easier for printing to attach it to a block of wood with hinges and then bolt or clamp that to a table. This will keep it steady. An arm attached to the

side will enable you to prop it up. The ink is arranged in a

sausage at the top of the screen. The first pull is towards you, and the squeegee is held at 45 deg rees to the screen. The movement should be smooth & continuous. Lift the screen gently and prop it while you change prints. (The best book on silk-screening: 'Silk-screen Printing by Brian Elliott £1)

P.S.: These two pages have been reduced 1/3rd from the original, so don't take any of the letters as actual size.

If you are having any problems getting equipment or doing the printing, do write in and I'll see if I can help.

be warned

It is illegal to distribute leaflets on which the wording is 'threatening, abusive or insulting' Any printed paper intended for publication or distribution must bear the name and address of the printer and person who commissioned the work. Flyposting is illegal.

(For details read the NATIONAL COUNCIL for CIVIL LIBERTIES Guide. Penguin 50p)

WORKING THE LAW

Womens Rights: A Practical Guide, written by Anna Coote and Tess Gill, deserves a place on every woman's book shelf right next to 'Our Bodies Ourselves.' They have to my mind done for the law what the Boston Womens Health Collective did for basic medicine. - They have demystified it, simplified it and put together a book which is thoroughly researched, well written and very easy to read.

To women who have been involved with the London Womens Liberation Workshop over the last few years Tess Gill will not be an unfamiliar name. As one of a very small number of feminist solicitors she has been an invaluable source of help and advice both to individual women, Spare Rib, and to the workshop as a whole with the perennial problems over leases and money. Anna Coote, though perhaps better known for her articles in the Guardian, has been for the last two years actively involved in the movement as a member of the Womens Report Collective and in the planning stages of a women's advice and research centre (AWARE). Together they have produced a book which puts the law firmly into its political context. Too often we are told that the courts are not political, that justice is just. This book reminds us that laws are made in parliament as a framework produced by men to prop up a capitalist system. Therefore, we are shown not how we should obey the rules but how we should exploit them to our own advantage. The information they present gives not only the facts and our rights (such as they are) but also the loop holes and how to use them. The introduction states their position.

We live in a man-made society. Man devised the framework of government that controls our daily lives. Our rulers, representatives and arbitrators have almost all been men. Male judges and Justices of the Peace compiled our system of common law. Men cultivated the jungle of red tape that often threatens to engulf us...

The fact that most of the nation's wealth is concentrated in the hands of a few means that the vast majority of women and men are deprived of their rights. But women are doubly deprived. At no level of society do they have equal rights with men.

For Anna the idea to write this book coincided with a dawning interest in the women's movement. An interest which was triggered off by the attitude of a Penguin editor to her first book, 'Civil Liberty, the NCCL guide', which she had co-written with Lawrence Grant. She had wanted to include a special chapter on women's rights in this book, but had met with opposition.

'I wrote the chapter, which wasn't very good, but it was completely vetoed by Penguin. The male editor said "We can't have any of this table thumping womens lib stuff." They were very much against regarding the subject of women's rights as having anything to do with civil liberty.'

Anna didn't fight very hard to keep the chapter, partly because it

wasn't as good as it should have been, but mainly because she now realised that the subject needed a whole book of its own. (This book is only a few pages shorter than the NCCL guide.) In writing a guide to civil liberty she had in fact been talking mainly about men. Not because she had intended to exclude women but because people's rights are in fact men's rights and a truly comprehensive guide would be peppered with amendments, exceptions and special sections because in so many cases women are not treated like people.

During the year after the first book was published Anna joined a womens group and from then on has put most of her energy into the women's movement. In the summer of 1972 she contacted Tess and suggested collaborating over the book. The idea was accepted with enthusiasm and Tess began to prepare material almost immediately. At the beginning the two women had little in common other than their interest in the subject.

Anna worked as a journalist in both the underground and the straight press. Tess was a communist, a radical lawyer with a well worked-out political perspective. While for Anna, writing the book was in itself something of a consciousness raising process, Tess had been involved in the movement for much longer and saw the book more as a vehicle for already formulated ideas. Her legal work covered largely the same areas as the book and she was aware of how little women usually know about the law. The need for some kind of guide along these lines had been obvious to her but she didn't feel able to tackle it herself as she had little writing experience. Anna's journalistic experience was invaluable because 'she knew how to break down information and make it accessible.'

This time the editor at Penguin was a woman, Julia Vellacott, who was herself involved in the womens movement. Anna regards her as 'almost a third writer' because she put so much time and energy into the project, making them rewrite time and time again to simplify and explain the intricacies of the law. The fourth contributor, Posy Simmonds, should not be overlooked. Her cartoons pepper the pages with wry comments on the situation of women.

The book is divided up under broad headings: Work; Money; Sex; Marriage; Divorce and Separation; Children; Housing; Women as Consumers; Women and Immigration; Women and Prison; and Approaching the law. These are subdivided into sections so that under 'Work', for example, there is

Equal pay; Women Workers and the Factory Acts; Maternity leave; a law to end discrimination on grounds of sex.

There is also a second classification system which divides the book up according to individual circumstances such as: married, single, getting a divorce, living with a man you are not married to. This system refers you to all the different sections which might be relevant to your situation, and makes them so easy to find that it almost cuts out the need for an index. Just in case you cannot find exactly what you need to know there is a long list of organisations at the back which should be able to help. (To show how up to date it is, they even managed to squeeze in the address of the new Workshop) The marvellous thing about the book is that it is written totally from our point of view. It takes situations and describes the law which affects those situations, rather than starting with the law and omitting areas which are only partly covered by it.

The section on maternity leave really demonstrates the value of this feminist approach. It starts by pointing out that this is rarely granted except in the case of white collar workers in the public sector. It goes on to say that in other countries maternity leave is granted by law. In East Germany for example, women have fourteen weeks off on full pay and their jobs guaranteed if they wish to return, together with a large sum of money paid by the state. In Hungary it's even better, twenty weeks off on full pay plus an optional three years with flat rate payments of a third of the weekly wage of an unskilled worker.

'In Britain' they remark, 'It is still not generally accepted that women have any special rights because they have babies.' They then go on to outline the proposals of the TUC women's advisory committee on the subject of maternity leave. This is to my mind just the kind of information individual women need to be armed with if we are to fight for better conditions.

'The section on tax is a revelation. It is the first time I have come anywhere near understanding the intricacies of this subject. There are special paragraphs outlining the situation of divorced women who are getting maintenance, married women, and the pro's and con's of being taxed separately or together, (not to mention the pro's and con's of getting married at all). All the different allowances are mentioned and there is a special section outlining the proposed tax-credit system and how it will change taxation. This illustrated with simple examples comparing the situation of

people under the present system and under the new one.

The chapter on National Insurance starts like this: 'The national insurance scheme is a bureaucrat's dream. It's so complicated that no-one really knows why they are paying money into it each week, what they getting in return, or what they might be missing if they don't pay (do you?). The scheme is particularly complicated for women, as it is based on the concept of women's dependence on men and many of its provisions vary according to whether you are single, married, divorced, separated or widowed.'

It goes on to explain exactly how the scheme works and to outline both the present pension scheme and the new one, with this conclusion: 'Women live longer and retire earlier. The money we have put by for our pensions must be spread over a longer period of time. So, say the mathematical geniuses at the Department of Health and Social Security, we must get less money each week. Let us not forget that it is an earnings-related pension. Women's average earnings are still just over half of men's average earnings and the Equal Pay Act is having the impact of a wet flannel on Vesuvius. So we shall get a lower percentage of a lower wage...

'If we all promised to throw ourselves under buses on our 72nd birthdays (thereby ensuring a life expectancy equal to men's on retirement), would we be granted an equal pension? The sight of row of little old ladies teetering on the edges of the nation's pavements might put the government to shame. It might even be preferable to eking out an old age on the poverty line...

There are several pages on Supplementary Benefit 68% of all people who receive benefit are, we are told, women. They suggest that 'If you are going to make a claim you will need even more patience than if you were claiming unemployment benefit. It also helps if you have a thick skin, a stubborn disposition, and an equally determined friend to back you up when you go to the Social Security office - preferably a member of the Claimants Union or the Child Poverty Action Group.'

I won't quote any more from the book, you must read it for yourselves.

It's both a practical guide and a call to action. It is written both with anger and with humour, quite baldly stating the position of women in Britain today as well as pointing the ways forward to changing that position... Buy it, and put me out of a job.

Angela Phillips

Info...Odds & Sods...A

groups

I am interested in joining a Women's Liberation group in the Maidstone area, but I seem to be unable to find out where the nearest group is.

Margaret Cauley,
Kent.

*We've sent you a couple of Women's Liberation contact names in your area. Since we received a similar request from a reader living in Maidstone, Kent, we asked her to get in touch with you. Would any readers living close by also be interested?

I will be leaving school in the summer and I would like to work towards Women's Liberation but I have no idea how to go about this, so instead of thinking about it, I could play an active part in it.

I will be most obliged if you could send me some information in this direction.

Jill Faulkner,
London NW1.

*Two pamphlets are useful - *Women's liberation: a beginning* (5p) and an introduction to the *Women's Liberation Workshop* (10p) both from 38 Earlham St., London WC2. Would any reader near Camden Town also like to contact Jill about starting a group.

family

I am trying to find out more about the position of Women's Liberation with regards to motherhood and early child development.

Can you help me with some information.
love, Birgit.

**The Myth of Motherhood* by Lee Comer (8p) from The Partisan Press, Bertrand Russell House, 45 Gamble Street, Forest Road West, Nottingham NG7 4ET. Says there's no biological connection between having babies and rearing them, and how this myth has been perpetrated. *Liberating young children from sex roles*. In play schools, day care centres, by Phillis Taube MacEwan (15p) from Women's Liberation Workshop 'Day Nursery Revolution' by Dartmouth Park Hill collective (20p) *Spare Rib* No.17 *Big Mother and Little Mother in Matabeleland* by Edgar Moyo, History Workshop Pamphlet No.12 from Ruskin

College, Oxford discusses a form of society where the child has many 'mothers'. Also 'Sexism, Capitalism and the Family' by Ros Delmar in *Radical Philosophy* (25p) c/o Richard Norman, Darwin College, The University, Canterbury, Kent.

self-help

Dear Carol Morrell,
I'm in a terrible mess, I hope you can suggest something to help as I feel I must make a positive effort to change things. Your article on self-help therapy sounded very interesting. Perhaps that's what I need, would you tell me how to contact the right people.

My problems are, I suppose, depression, and an inability to communicate with people. I get so low I think about ending it all. But then I think about my two children, how I really do love them, and how would they cope without me? My relationship with my husband has been getting worse lately though it's never been good. It's got to the point where we don't talk at all. I think the problems began years ago when I felt too inadequate to carry on at school. I still feel hopeless and know I could not fend entirely for myself. At the moment I just do what's necessary for the children and the house and spend the rest of the time in a sort of gloom. Can you help?
Judy, Essex.

*Dear Judy,
First off, I am not sure that a group would be the right answer for you, if you are unable to communicate. I have privately sent you the names of a couple of therapists I can recommend for individual sessions.

But if you would like to give group work a try, I can suggest a couple of alternatives. You don't say whether you could travel to London. But if you can, for an all-women co-counselling group, ring Marge Green 01-624 9131. Jeannie Semple at 01-677 0549 is organising a different sort of group, a more traditional but again all-women, therapy group. John Heron, at 40 Denzil Road, Guildford, Surrey, may be able to direct you to a mixed co-counselling group in your area.

I would also suggest you write to the Women's Liberation Workshop, 38 Earlham Street,

London WC2 for Women's Liberation groups in your area. Participating in a straight talking or project group can turn out to be tremendously supportive.

Lastly, it may be a good idea to begin getting help on what seems to be an immediate problem - your marriage relationship. The Marriage Guidance Council, 76a Cavendish Street, London W1 could advise you on a branch in your area.

You may find that talking about your problems with a trained counsellor will lift the silence and help you to communicate more. Getting things out into the open and realising they are shared problems is the first best step. Good luck. Carol Morrell.

rights

I have recently joined a Women's Liberation group.

I wanted to take a course on women's rights at evening class but there are not any available close to my home.

Could you please advise me on any books I could read about women's rights?
Mabel Smith, Kent.

**The Body Politic: Women's Liberation in Britain 1969-1972* A good introduction to lots of aspects of Women's Liberation, (60p) from Stage 1, Theobalds Road, London WC1X 8SL. Penguin is publishing a paperback by Anna Coote and Tess Gill in February called *Women's Rights, a Practical Guide*. The Women's Liberation Workshop, 38 Earlham Street, London WC2, can send you the list of books presently available through them, including pamphlets, which could help you sort out what you'd like to read.

discrimination

As a teacher in a Leicestershire Community School, I am preparing materials for a unit of work on women. I would like to be able to present the kids with a comprehensive list of discriminating legislation against women, as well as a list of women's rights today. I particularly need exact details on issues such as mortgages, taxation and data on higher education, average wages and job prospects. I do not have the time to carry out my own research on

such a wide range of facts and wonder if all this information has been compiled. I would be very grateful for any suggestions.
Ros Moger, Leicester

*PheW. All this information has not been compiled, at least not all in one place. Some helpful books and pamphlets might be: *Women Workers in Britain: A Handbook* (25p) Leonora Lloyd from Socialist Woman, 182 Pentonville Road, London N.1. *Women's Rights*, (15p) from National Council for Civil Liberties, 186 Kings Cross Road, London WC1, a critique of the Government's proposals for anti-discrimination. *Women and the Struggle for Workers' Control* by Audrey Wise (12p) from Partisan Press, Bertrand Russell House, Gamble Street, Nottingham NG7 4ET. Also *Women Workers/1973*, (50p) published by the TUC, Great Russell Street, London WC1B 3LW which covers employment, health and welfare, education and training. The Child Poverty Action Group, 1 Macklin Street, Drury Lane, London WC2B 5NH have tax information.

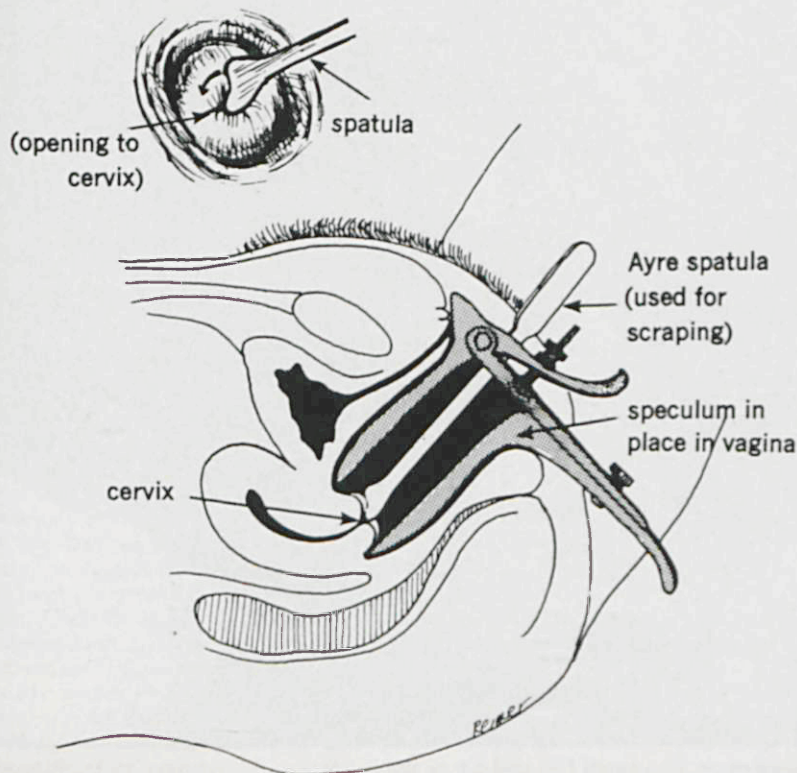
unions

I urgently need the address of the Union of Women Teachers and hope you can help me. After a year on the dole I have finally got a permanent teaching job - quite an achievement as I have friends here working shops and garages. I have been incensed by the discrimination against young married teachers. One is at once accused of plotting babies and the job is given to a college leaver, or a woman past child-bearing age.

The tiny, though delightful school I am in now has a head who feels 'One man is worth 3 women in any school', and so I feel a positive need to join the UWT. Please help.

Julia Parker, Shropshire.

*Dear Julia,
We think you'd be better off joining the National Union of Teachers (central office: Hamilton House, Mabledon Place, London WC1). With all its faults it's the only union fighting for real equality between men and women. The Union of Women Teachers is the sister body of the National Association of Schoolmasters, a reactionary lot, who've actually campaigned against equal pay.



A women's health group read and discussed Angela Briggs' article and felt that we wanted to add a description of our own experiences.

The sense of excitement that we felt in self-examination was more important than the price of the speculum: we have inhibitions about our bodies, the first time you look at your own vagina in a group you feel shy and the gradual losing of our inhibitions is an exhilarating process.

We think too that the feelings of trust and warmth that develop between women in a self-examination group are fundamental, you get to know other women's bodies as well as your own, so that although there is no actual 'harm' in starting alone, we feel that the group process is a very positive one.

We think that the first self-examination should be about getting to know what your vaginas and cervixes look like and feeling good with others in the group, rather than to establish the presence or absence of an infection. In the women's movement we demand the control of our own bodies - self-examination is about understanding our potential for health, while most doctors are taught to concern themselves only with disease.

We felt that Angela was too optimistic when she said 'Don't be afraid to tell your doctor what you've seen'. There is a further problem in the doctor/patient relationship which is that most doctors are freaked out by any woman who looks at her own body, because her practice undermines the authority of the doctor and the exclusive control of medical technology by a social elite.

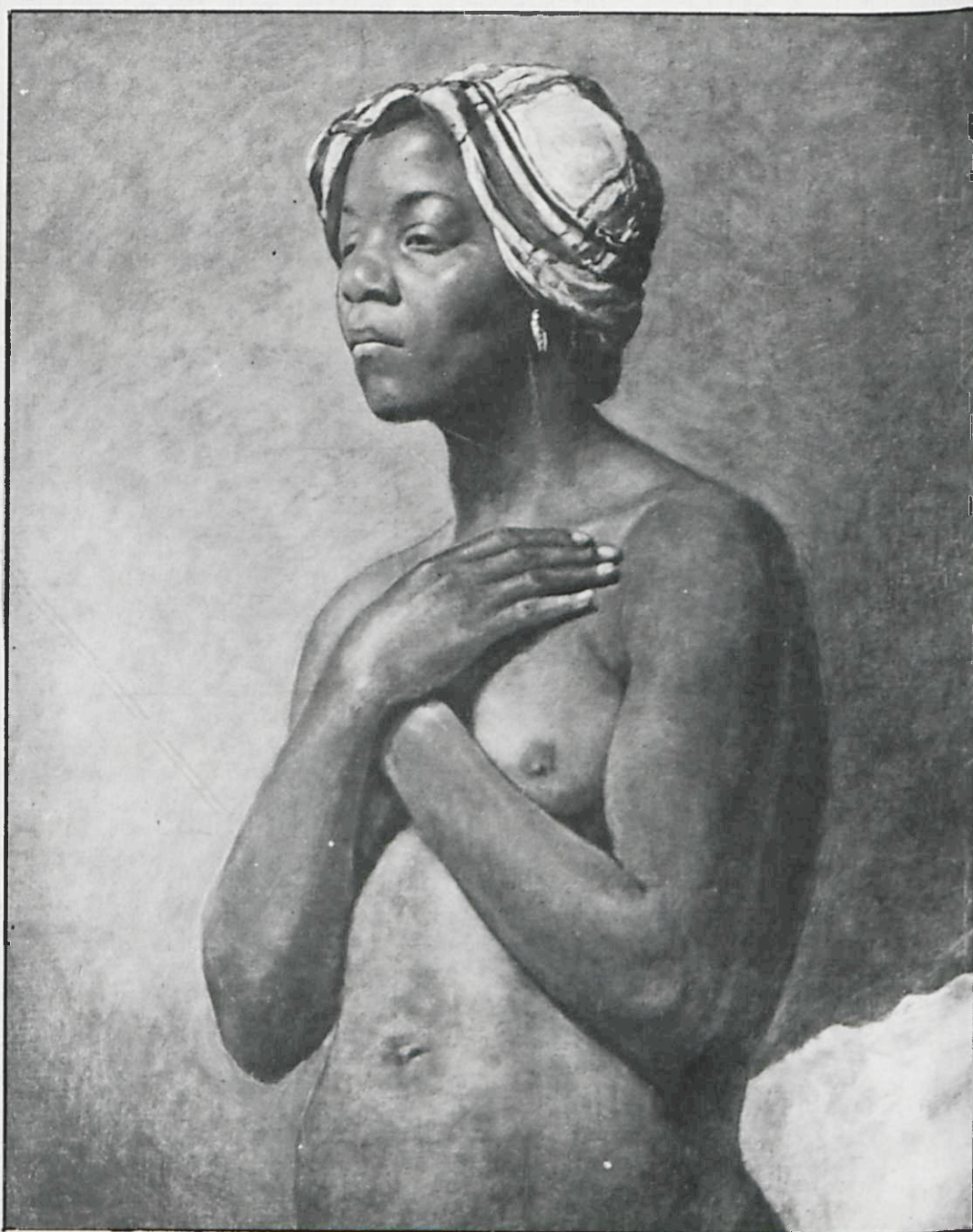
underground women

The National Gallery provides a misleading picture of the history of art. All but the most persistent visitors come away with the impression that there never were any women artists because the paintings on display in the main galleries include not one work by a woman. Yet, as Griselda Pollock discovered, the Gallery actually does possess paintings by women from the sixteenth century onwards.

I belong to a Women's Art History Collective which is working on a feminist critique of cultural history. One obvious project is to find out about women artists of the past and I decided to do some research into Old Mistresses in the National Gallery. With a certain amount of detective work I discovered seven named women painters. This included Katerina van Hemessen (1527/8-1566), a fine Netherlandish Portraitist, Marie Blancour, a seventeenth century still-life painter and Judith Leyster a Dutch contemporary, and possibly rival of Frans Hals. Moving southwards, there was the Venetian, Rosalba Carriera, who revolutionised the use of pastel in the eighteenth century and Elizabeth Vigée-Lebrun, a favorite portrait painter at the court of Marie Antoinette. The National Gallery has two nineteenth century women painters, Rosa Bonheur, who excelled in large-scale animal paintings and Berthe Morisot, the impressionist.

There are two other women who sneak in by the backdoor. Sofonisba Anguiscola (1538-1625) was thought to be the author of a 'Portrait of a Lady', but the attribution has since been changed. The catalogue now reads: 'Sofonisba Anguiscola, Attributed 3817 Portrait of a Lady Formerly; possibly one of her sisters or Lavinia Fontana rather more probable candidate is a male painter, Bartolomeo Passarotti.' (My italics)

There is also a small painting of a 'Negro Woman' which may be the work of Marie-Guilhemine Benoist (1769-1826), who was the pupil of Vigée-Lebrun and of the neoclassical master David. This makes a possible total of nine women painters represented by thirteen paintings. Not one of these paintings is at present on exhibition on the main floors of the National Gallery. The first seven are all in the Reserve Collection in the basement; Benoist is



Negro Woman Marie Guilhemine Benoist (1769-1826)?



A boy and a girl with a cat *Judith Leyster (1609-1660)*

in Dublin and Anguissola in Leeds. Most museums do own more pictures than they have space to exhibit, and the excess is usually stored in some inaccessible basement, attic or suburban depository. Fortunately, the National Gallery Reserve Collection is open to the public. However, pictures 'below stairs do not get V.I.P. treatment. Instead, they are hung row upon row, screen upon screen, packed onto the walls from ceiling to floor, and more often than not, cordoned off from view. This makes it not only difficult to find them but also to get a decent look at them.

I wrote to the Director of the National Gallery, Michael Levey and asked why all the paintings by women were in the basement. He wrote back: 'I do not have any policy about the pictures from the point of view of the sex of the painters.' He assured me that paintings moved up and down the stairs continually, but when I asked for exact dates when the paintings by women had been on show upstairs, he replied:

'...the Rosalba and the Leyster have been on exhibition in the Upper Floor Galleries in comparatively recent years. I think you would give a very misleading impression if you tried to put precise dates on this sort of information.'

I do not doubt Mr. Levey's sincerity nor his good intentions, but the fact remains that only two out of a possible nine women have been exhibited with the main collection in 'comparatively recent years'. I don't believe that there is a conscious conspiracy on the part of the gallery staff to keep women out of the limelight. Works by women receive the same treatment that women themselves receive from society at large. Since women are almost universally second class citizens, their works have second class status and the National Gallery, probably

unthinkingly, perpetuates this state of affairs.

But the point is not just to notice that there are women painters represented in the National Gallery or to complain that all their paintings are in the basement. Even superficial research into the lives and experience of these women provides insights into the social and institutional factors affecting women's chances of becoming artists and enables us to criticise the usual art historical biographies of male artists which ignore the critical economic and social circumstances.

In the time of apprentice systems, all-male workshops and guilds, women had difficulty in obtaining training in their craft, but most of the National Gallery Nine by-passed this because they came from artistic families. Katerina van Hemessen learnt her skills from her father Jan van Hermessen, a successful painter himself Rosa Bonheur was the daughter of a minor drawing master and had a sister, Juliette, and a brother, Auguste who also became professional painters. Anguissola came from a family of five painter-sisters and Rosalba's sisters Angela and Nanetta both became known in the arts.

Berthe Morisot had two sisters, Edma and Yves and all three showed such remarkable talent as children that there parents were obliged to let them study art. Yves married young and gave up. In 1863 Edma, and Berthe went to the studio of the famous landscape painter, Corot who expressed a preference for Edma's work. They continued to work together for six years until, in 1869, Edma married and gave up, confining herself to producing copies of her sister's work. Berthe must have been very determined to continue her work, despite her own marriage in 1874, and her career is remarkable in the light of Victorian

attitudes to women, marriage and the pursuit of art. Morisot was up against ideas such as these expressed by Bettina van Hutten, even as late as 1910,

'So long as a woman refrains from unsexing herself by acquiring genius, let her dabble in anything. The woman of genius not only does not exist but when she does, she is a MAN.'

The story of the Morisot sisters is a sad one but it shows what happened to much female talent; it was suffocated by the demands of marriage and lady-like insipidness. It is hardly surprising to learn that their near contemporary, Rosa Bonheur refused to marry because she could not afford to risk her independence. This was before married women were granted any control over their

commentated on the significance of another woman who could painted these large animal paintings well enough to pass for a work by Rosa Bonheur.

One of the many copies that we know of the Vigée-Lebrun 'Self Portrait' in the National Gallery, (itself a copy by the artist of her own original) is by an otherwise unknown MadamTupier-Lefranc a painting which is now in the museum at Versailles. Very little is known about this painter, but probably she was a pupil of Vigée-Lebrun since the artist is known to have had many women pupils. Rosalba's leading rival in portraiture was a Florentine woman artist. Two of her best known pupils were Margherita Terzi and Angioletta Sartori, and the latter was a sister of another famous



Self-Portrait *Elisabeth Vigée-Lebrun 1782*

own property or even their own income.

I had not expected to find that so many of these women had had artistically active sisters, but I was even more surprised to find that there were many more women artists in the circles around them. The painting in the Gallery by Rosa Bonheur, 'The Horse Fair' was painted in part by her friend and life-long companion, Nathalie Micas. She was a pupil of Bonheur's but exhibited paintings in her own right. No writer on this fact has

woman artist of the period, Felicità Sartori. There must have existed a lively women's culture which was more or less taken for granted by their contemporaries. There have been good, mediocre and bad women artists and not just solitary figures who rise out of nowhere by magical processes which defy all the social and educational obstacles that we know existed. We don't have to prove that all women artists of the past were great, but we need to know that they were more numerous than we are led to believe if we are to

explode the individualistic- genius-will- win- through- myth that abounds today in art history. Moreover I am tempted to see in these familyworkshops and women's studios a network of support and encouragement which would counter the discrimination they received as women.

I must admit that some of the paintings by the Nine do not meet the stringent conditions for being exhibited upstairs. They are not, according to current art history, Very important works by Very Important Artists. However, they do suggest different ways of approaching and evaluating art than that of the rigid tradition of Kenneth Clark's connoisseurship.

Bonheur painted 'The Horse Fair' in 1855 as a small replica of a very successful and very large painting which is now in New York. She had worked directly from the horses in the Paris horse market. In order to do this in peace she applied to the police for special permission to wear

to enter the National Gallery.

The 'Self Portrait' by Elizabeth Vigée-Lebrun was painted in 1782 in Brussels after she had seen the famous painting by Rubens, 'The Straw Hat'. Her own painting is an echo of the Rubens and a compliment to it, yet it is very different. In the Rubens, the female who wears the hat of the title is coquettish and painted with all the love of luscious female flesh for which Rubens is renowned. The style of the Vigée-Lebrun owes a lot to Rubens in rich colours and free brushwork. But the woman who looks out at you with a clear gaze is not a pretty, passive mannequin for a milliner. In her hands she holds the proof of her activity, her palette and brushes, the tools with which she has just created the image you are now contemplating. Still, it is not a characterful portrait, and it does not convey the dynamic quality of activity. The explanation is in part that women artists are constrained by traditional representations of women

This problem did not prevent many of the women I have mentioned from being very successful. Rosalba had a brilliant career, courted by royalty, honoured by the Academy of Clementina at Bologna in 1720 and acclaimed in Italy, Germany, France and England. She was a member of the guild of St Luke at Rome which was the exclusive, professional body of artists. Judith Leyster was a member of the same guild in Haarlem in 1633 and by 1635 had three pupils of her own. Hemessen and Anguiscola went to the Spanish court under royal patronage and the later was given a splendid dowry on her marriage by Philip II as a mark of his respect. Vigée-Lebrun was a member of the prestigious Académie Royale in France. This body had allowed women in (on a quota system) since its foundation in the seventeenth century, but when it was reconstituted after temporary suspension during the French Revolution, its doors were closed to women.

impressionists, of Monet, or of Renoir who claimed that he painted with his prick. In 1886, Mr Carew Martin wrote of Rosalba that he delighted in her 'feminine charm of colour' and continued in a well-known sexist vein: 'owing her power to no natural attractions - she was far from good looking and considerably over 30 when she commenced her career - Rosalba Carriera succeeded in the midst of a society in which feminine frailty offered a surer claim to recognition than talent or virtue.' In the light of Rosalba's success with her contemporaries, such a statement reflects more on the attitudes of Mr Carew Martin's epoch.

The purpose of this survey is emphatically not merely to prove that there are women artists in the past. Although their existence is important for our history as women, the Old Mistresses are interesting for what they tell us about art in general; about the conditions necessary to become an artist, to remain at work



Horse Fair Rosa Bonheur 1855

men's clothing while she worked. (No wonder so many women artists stuck to flower painting and portraits if one had to disguise oneself as a man in order to work without being hassled). So great was the fame of the big picture that a leading English dealer bought it and planned to have an engraving made for popular circulation, and the French Emperor, Napoleon III tried to buy the picture himself. 'The Horse Fair' went to England where it travelled round the country being exhibited to large crowds. Even Queen Victoria had it brought to Buckingham Palace so that she too could see this famous work. Bonheur and Micas painted a replica one quarter the original size to assist the engraver and it is this version that had the single honour of being the first work by a living artist

in art. Women are rarely the active protagonists of a painting; they are all too often the beautiful objects presented to the spectator for HIS enjoyment. So, when a woman comes to paint herself as a maker of pictures, her active rôle comes into conflict with the stereotyped images of women which she sees, all around her in the history of her art. This portrait shows Vigée-Lebrun surveying herself as women have always been surveyed in art, rather than analysing her own image in terms of personality, individuality or energy. It is a nice painting with many appealing qualities but I feel that it lacks conviction because of the internal contradiction she experienced as a woman making an image of a woman in a language that has been made by men for men.

There was a marked trend towards more overt prejudice and disparagement of women in the nineteenth century. More and more critics are at pains to point out the sex and sexually-determined characteristics of an artist and her work. Morisot exhibited the National Gallery painting, 'A Summer Day' in the Impressionist Group Exhibition in 1880 where she met with this comment: 'Mesdames Morisot, Cassat and Braquemond represent *feminine* impressionism.' A later critic, James Laver also delights to use this dismissive adjective: 'The lighter palette of the impressionists suited her *femininity* more than the sombre tones of Manet.' It would be interesting to expand that equation of lightness of palette with femininity and talk about the effeminacy of other

and to gain recognition and about the ingrained biases against women and when they developed.

There may be only nine women artists in the National Gallery, but it should be enough to make everyone take a new look at the collection and the values on which its exhibition policy is based.

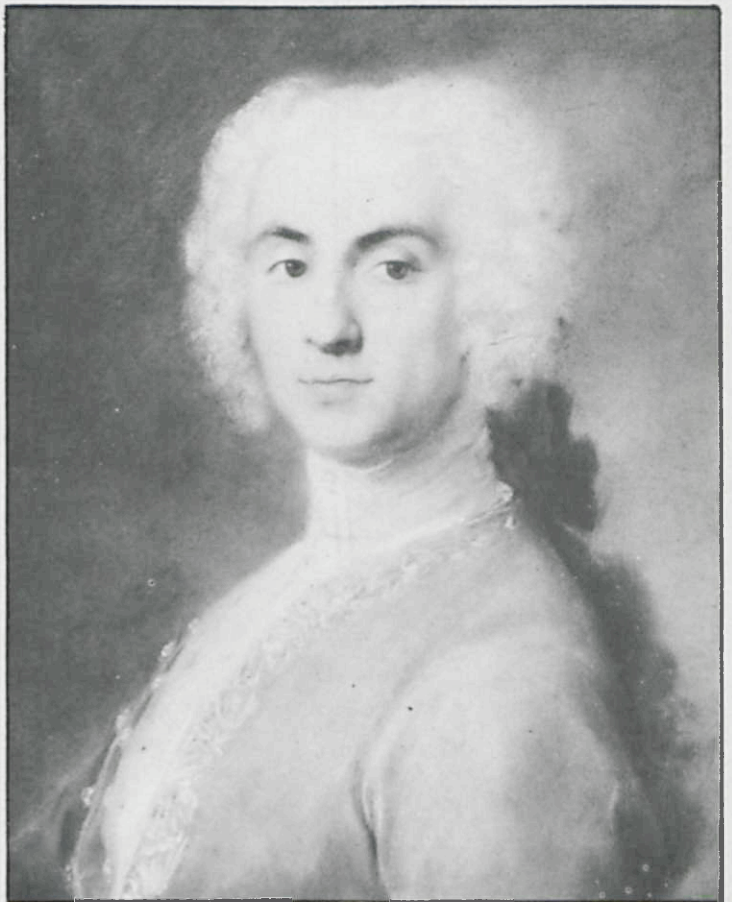
Although I take responsibility for the views that are expressed in the text I would like to acknowledge the group discussions with Rosie, Pat, Tina, Amanda, Alene and Annie.



Summer Day Berthe Morisot 1880



Portrait of a man Katerina van Hermessen 1555



Portrait of a man Rosalba Carriera

Books

Marilyn
Norman Mailer
Hodder and Stoughton
£4.95

When I was growing up, the expression 'gentlemen prefer blondes' seemed as much a part of our heritage of truths as 'manners maketh man'. I wished I had been born blonde. Bigger girls went along to the chemist's shop without their mothers and secretly purchased bottles of peroxide. All my dolls had blonde hair but one, and that one I carefully placed in the more homely company of rabbits and teddy bears. It was 1953 and I was four.

Ten years later I was falling in love, contemplating marriage, wearing out the tape measure on the progress of my tits. I hesitated a long time in the chemist's shop. Then in one act I swept aside that platitude of my childhood as suddenly old-fashioned and bought a bottle of hair dye that was auburn.

Gentlemen had changed their minds. Blondes were still around, but they were no longer the de facto tops of the sexpot. Tongues hung out instead for black-haired Loren and brunette Taylor.

But what had happened? By 1963 the whole blonde issue was dying. The hottest pants in Hollywood, the broad who only a decade ago was in the supreme position of being able to say, "Well, gentlemen, whatever I am, the name of this picture is *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, and whatever I am, I am the blonde", the magnificent Marilyn by 1963 was herself already dead.

Marilyn Monroe, what did she do to us? Marilyn and Hollywood and all its platinum starlet throng - but most of all Marilyn, every man's goodies, ice cream and honey - what did she do to the insecurity of Mrs Ordinary Housewife? To the aspirations of Mr Ever-Hopeful Husband? How did she colour the world of their children?

Not Marilyn herself. I am not discussing the motivations of the woman herself (for we do not, it seems, in the hundreds of thousands of words devoted to her, have more than a few dozen statements that can actually be taken as fact).

Not herself but her image, created as it was on the one part by two-bit publicity men, on the other by directors - cutting her less sexy sequences as well as each other's throats. Marilyn's image - of the clean-scrubbed girl-goddess of sex. What did it do to us? At the least, let us say it provided millions of men with a celluloid package of a woman perfect in every scene. A woman who, freeze the film on any frame, would be shimmering with sex, lips moist and a wink in her eye, a woman whose sexuality presents neither threat nor struggle, neither guilt nor shame nor tears. An angel who could make the impotent come and the nightmares go.

When she overdosed in '62 the world wanted to cry and, seeking something respectable for which to mourn (rather than the lost chance of the screw of a lifetime), dragged up her bastard



birth, her orphan childhood, her crushing, suffocating Hollywood life. We did not need to hear it.

We did not need to be told how many of her marriages failed, or whether kissing Marilyn was like kissing Hitler. Surely we didn't actually need to have it spelled out to us, or did we, that sex in her private life wasn't all so easy? That if you stopped the film of her real existence here or here, there was this probability that she looked a bitch, a whore, a haggard old wreck, a moaning, stupid, frigid woman, an unhappy woman? Did we actually need to be told that Marilyn as we saw her and loved her was unreal?

When Marilyn died the sex-goddess Hollywood starlet deal died with her. Woman could once again brave the male world in hair of her own colour.

Loren and Taylor, Hepburn and Welch - none of them need the bottle of bleach. But curiously, none of them offer the same goodies either. None of them, in fact, replaces Marilyn at all.

It was possibly a chance, a freak of time, that when Marilyn hit the audiences of the world she found them craving every smile she offered. She filled a gap which here and now in '74 may no longer seem meaningful, but which nonetheless remains empty.

To the pimply youth, to the fat, middle-aged businessman, to the old jerk in his raincoat, it was a gap created by their own personal misery that no woman, no unpaid woman, would ever lay them. That ne beautiful, forgiving, glamorous sexpot or even a fraction of that, no piece of skirt, would be theirs for even half an hour - unless it were Marilyn.

To the teenage sweater-girl Monroe was something else. She was a little girl found, a chance for money and a name, a film star life among famous men, a life followed by spotlights and dripping with diamonds. And it was a chance they could all have, look, it's easy, just a nose-change, a few teeth straightened, a spot of exercise, a touch of make-up; a bottle of peroxide. Anyone can do it. And somehow along with the celluloid image came by magic the other assumptions, that by being a film star (or even a model, or even just blonde), suddenly by magic Miss Teenage Sweater-Girl would turn into a roaring sexpot, every man's candy, and love it.

To all the ever-hopeful husbands coming home after work to frumpy wives (who grumbled and knitted over their magazines), Marilyn filled the gap of the girl you could stop on any frame and find as beautiful as ever, never ageing, never bitchy, the girl you fell in love with in the beginning, with a kid's giggle and a yearning to climb right into bed with you.

Even Mrs Ordinary Housewife liked Marilyn, in spite of the overwhelming competition. Marilyn made her laugh, made her believe in herself a little. You can say the dumbest things and still be lovable. You can enjoy sex and still enjoy sex, be giving (not only as a mother) and still be giving. And Mrs Housewife herself could do it too, if only . . . If only the furs and the money, the Cadillac and no children, if only the handsome husband and the warm sun, then of course she too would have a beautiful body and be jumping into bed. All was not lost for womanhood if Marilyn could like it hot.

Marilyn Monroe filled one of the gaps called *Escape*. The one perhaps more specifically labelled *Escape (Sex)*. When we saw that she'd killed herself we also saw that behind the door marked *Escape: Sex (Marilyn)* was hidden, not ice cream and honey, but haggard looks and sleeping pills.

Crying without tears, the world's Husband went home to Mrs Ordinary Housewife with love and contrition but she, looking up briefly from her magazine and her knitting, saw only Mr Ever-Hopeful standing at the door and greeted him with a grumble.

Now, the whole affair has blown over. Marilyn is long dead and we can make of her what we will. Oddly enough, we are still showing interest - Marilyn's name may be recalled when her biographers and directors are forgotten. For those of us who would love to see her face again, there is an exquisite photo of it on the cover of a new book, 'Marilyn', as well as some remarkable and revealing shots inside. Out of courtesy to the author, I shall refrain from mentioning his name. No doubt, money aside, he is sorry himself to see it attached to such a shoddy piece of writing about a woman who deserved better. Even so, the pictures are nice. The biographer writes like a global village idiot and with few facts behind the vague meanderings. But the photographs of our lost love of the fifties are well worth the browsing time.

Veronica-Jane Birley

The Silent Majority A Study of the working class in post war British fiction

Nigel Gray

Vision Critical Studies
£3.15

(Books discussed, *Kes* Barry Hines 1968; *Billy Liar* Keith Waterhouse 1959; *Borstal Boy* Brendan Behan 1958; *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* Alan Sillitoe 1958; *This Sporting Life* David Storey 1960; *Alfie* Bill Naughton 1966)

Nigel Gray explores two dilemmas - how an oppressed group can express and recognise its own perception of itself and at the same time break out of the circumstances which impose silence? These are problems of language and history but they are ultimately political and confront not only the working class but women and black and gay people too.

The atmosphere of working class fiction in the '50's was very much one in which immediate experience was asserted against abstract phrases. There was usually a deep suspicion of politics and politicians, right or left, and a deep rage against humiliation, punishment, sexual repression and authority. The class arrogance of the upper and middle classes and the vegetable deference of older workers were both fiercely resisted.

With precision Nigel Gray distinguishes the class experience of the characters. There is Billy Liar's world, 'the dreariness of dark satanic tea shops' and Sunday tea for girl friends 'a baptism of lettuce and pineapple chunks' which is miles away from Arthur Seaton's pints, cracked lavatory bowls and red ochre steps. The specific way in which family and neighbourhood shape your perception of your own class relationships moves out of the sociological frozen category. In 'Borstal Boy' Gray examines the distinctions between workers and how these can limit or develop class consciousness. There is Tom who comes from the upper working class and feels himself apart from the other men in the jail. Even his crime had come out of his pride. He murdered his girlfriend out of jealousy. He is locked in his own notion of his respectability. It gives him a certain security but at the cost of despising other men and killing his love. Brenden's distinction belongs to a different tradition.

Members of his family were among the political and cultural leaders in Ireland though the family was working class. He grew up on the north side of Dublin. When Tom refers to his Borstal chinas as scum, he says "Sure the blokes are only working class kids the same as ourselves" The Irishman was imprisoned in a foreign country but his consciousness of class is not enclosed. It can connect to others.

Sillitoe's hero Arthur Seaton fights individually with a confidence his father couldn't have. Capitalism in the second half of the '50's need his labour power. Sillitoe says of Arthur, 'No more short time like before the war, or getting the sack if you stood ten minutes in the lavatory reading your Football Post - if the gaffer got on to you now you could always tell

him where to put the job and go somewhere else'.

But this cockiness depends on him staying single to spend his fourteen quid a week and working his 'backbone to a string of conkers on piece work'. The new affluent world wasn't that affluent and it wasn't equal or classless at all. Nor did the new working class hero escape from the circumstances that had broken his father. He carried these circumstances inside him. In Nigel Gray's words:

'A house where the pressures of family living have to be contained within a limited space and within earshot of the neighbours... Growing up close and warm, but bitter too, and with a fear and hatred of 'them', the authorities. With parents who have lived through the depression and the war and who have been left maimed and scarred. Parents who have lived to see a Labour government after the war, that was to be a government for the people and against the bosses, that nibbled at social inequality - and broke their hearts and their belief in political change.'

It is true that in the '50's a 'working class hero' might be becoming 'something to be'. But he emerged at

a cost. He can only assert his freedom at the expense of other people, and especially at the expense of women. Arthur Seaton's sexual encounters are grabbed and furtive. He sees the women who go with him as dirty. He prides himself on being better than their husbands. Alfie is another hero who is trapped in his own sex chauvinism. He hits Annie because he can't bear her to be thinking of someone else in bed - he thinks when he likes, of course. He's furious when Gilda talks to another man: 'you've got to strike off what they call a relationship. And that can turn out to be a very intimate thing'. What a nerve. The girls are even expected to be grateful for a kiss.

But the supremacy of the working-class hero is also fragile. He faces a continual and silent subversion of thoughts and feelings. How can he ever know if his object is still loyal? He maintains his supremacy at a terrible cost. Even as he fights the deadening world of work, the numbing domesticity of the nuclear family and legal sex, he is becoming dead and numb himself - too hurt to feel and express sensitivity, love and warmth. Sex becomes combat and is surrounded by nightmare fears about achievement.

Nigel Gray describes the bitterness of this without once elevating bitterness and rage. His description of the relationship between Arthur Machin and Val in 'This Sporting Life', is particularly moving. Arthur is shown trapped in his own bigness and his success as a rugby player. Val too is a woman - not a caricature with a cunt unlike so many of the women in fifties fiction. David Storey describes her fears of opening herself up to Arthur. He 'had brought the blood up in her and made it surge in parts she'd thought or felt dead'. But if he left her she would be faced with living with that rawness alone so she pushes him off... 'hurting herself as much as me, and building up a fire and pain between us that neither of us know how to handle... Living had turned up so many bad cards for her that she was refusing any more deals. She was withdrawing and lying down.'

Val would be about fifty now. Gray describes the experience of so many women of her generation. 'A lifetime of repression and pain, a budding in her youth when she had a little independence working in the munitions factory, a marriage and the weight of two kids to bear, and suddenly the emptiness left by the central figure in her life who was suddenly no longer there'.

And then Arthur, young, untouched, cocky, rugby hero, whose sexual onslaught continually threatens to sweep away those careful boundaries of white-net-curtain-head-above-water relations with the neighbours. Her tension reflects the strain. Arthur Machin has made her a 'slut', as she says it her laughter is 'strangled from her belly'.

Both men and women are caught in the tragedy of the man's resistance being at the expense of the woman. Both oscillate between violence and bemused acceptance Val's 'body began to mount in a slow fit of rage and bewilderment. Surprise. 'You're a man!' she screamed. 'You're a bleeding man!' If this were the stopping



point the sadness would be unbearable. But the tragedy is not timeless. David Storey wrote this in 1960. At the time these books expressed the feelings of writers who had been thrown up out of the working class, who were struggling to connect their memories of the world they had left with the world to which they did not belong.

The working class heroes have grown older now. Some of them have gone to live on the hill. Their attack on class and sex taboos were individualistic and male defined. But in the context of the '50's it had radical significance. Nigel Gray has returned to these books with new eyes. For him the angry heroes are no longer young iconoclasts but simply working class men caught at a particular crossing of sex and class conflict. From a distance of more than a decade it is clear that they wanted to conserve as much as they wanted to overthrow. 'Poor bloody women, they don't half suffer one way or another, but what can you do? You can't argue with nature.' At the time few would have argued with Alfie - the real aspirations of Gilda and Lily and Val and Annie and Brenda and Doreen have been the most thwarted and ground down of all.

Nigel Gray has written more than a book of literary criticism he has begun to explore the experience of being a working class man, impatient with reverence, at a time when masculine supremacy was desperate to find new holds. He does this with a consciousness which is not only delicately attuned to the nuances of class but is informed by the feminism of a generation of women who are no longer 'withdrawing and lying down'.

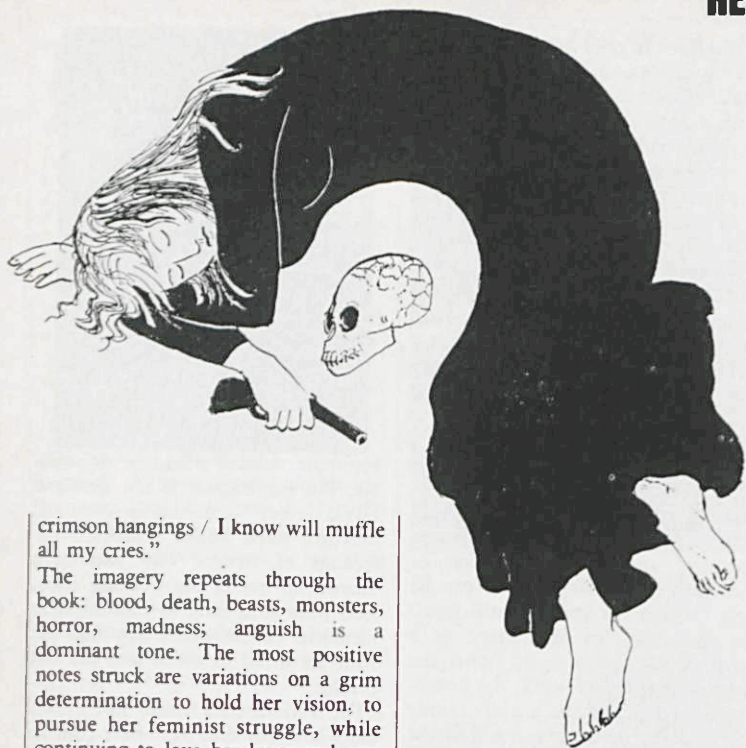
Sheila Rowbotham

Monster. Poems by Robin Morgan.

available from any women's centre

I agree with the women's group that printed this pirate edition of Morgan's poetry: it deserves to be widely read. This poetry is a document of what we've all experienced, in the first stages of feminist consciousness. The basic richness of Morgan's work is its speaking for us, in our worst moments: of humiliation, paranoia, suffering, disgust and disillusion. "As your hand falls, I scream / scuttle away to the hall museumed with chains, / bells, sticks, knouts, leather, / past open doors / that expose the sultan's stern command, / the thin schoolmaster's frown, the pirate's anger, / the eluded priest's ecstatic curse. / To the corridor's farthest end / I crawl, to the chamber's centre, to the bed / with





crimson hangings / I know will muffle all my cries."

The imagery repeats through the book: blood, death, beasts, monsters, horror, madness; anguish is a dominant tone. The most positive notes struck are variations on a grim determination to hold her vision, to pursue her feminist struggle, while continuing to love her lover and son.

"I want a women's revolution like a lover. / I lust for it, I want so much this freedom... To even glimpse what I might have been and never never / will become, had I not had to 'waste my life' fighting / for what my lack of freedom keeps me from glimpsing... I am one of the 'man-haters', some have said. / I don't have time or patience here to say again why and how / I hate not men but what it is men do in this culture, or / how the system of sexism, power dominance, and competition / is the enemy - not people, but how men, still, created that system / and preserve it and reap concrete benefits from it... you, men, will have to be freed, / as well, though we women may have to kick and kill you / into freedom / since most of you will embrace death quite gladly / rather than give up your power to hold power... May my hives bloom bravely until my flesh is aflame / and burns through the cobwebs. / May we go mad together, my sisters. / May our labor agony in bringing forth this revolution / be the death of all pain."

I've quoted at length from the first and last poems of the book. Between them, arranged in a progression of consciousness to feminism, are a variety of poems on the love-hate contradictions of loving, on cruelty, hatred, suffering, both personal and general. My favourite series, apart from the clearly feminist pieces and the brief poems, is "Four Visions on Vietnam". These are original poems (not versions or translations), extrapolating on images or themes in the work of several Vietnamese poets. They show remarkable imaginative grasp of another people's war experience and resolution. Morgan teaches the similarities between all suffering and struggle and feminist effort;

Some poems lack clarity. I think that is partly because many images and symbols are very personal, also because Morgan allows herself to include too much diverse material in one poem. In particular, I am thinking of "War Games (a mescaline quartet)", and all the longer poems. The reader is forced to try to unmix metaphors, trace allusions. The short

poems, "Twins", "Love Poem", "Rendez-vous", "Freaks", "Dachau", "Matrilineal Descent", "Static", make their points energetically and clearly.

One personal point. I've said that Morgan's poems describe an early stage of revolutionary feminist consciousness. Now, I know Morgan is not a beginning feminist, far from it. In order to accomplish all she has, including the writing and publishing of this collection of verse, she has moved very far into self-confidence, self-respect, and the ability to work purposefully, with a very clear mind. In some of the poems Morgan describes very realistically our paranoia and anger, but then in others she seems to equate these feelings with a developed feminist consciousness on the one hand or with madness on the other. Whether the present fashionable glorification of "mind expansion" is at the basis of this mistake, or whether it is a question of appropriating epithets in order to conquer their sting (Shrew, Spare Rib, witch, madwoman are only a few that have been used in this way), the result can be a confusion in terms and ideas. Knowledgeable sensitivity questions and suffers, but learns, correlates, gathers strength for and in action; madness retreats into a confused personal isolation and inertia or useless hysteria. Morgan writes: "The mad and the suicidal are the only saints. / The rest of us are merely revolutionaries"; "Only the strong can know that [they are insane]"; "You've already taken me away from myself / with my only road back to go forward / into more madness, monsters, cobwebs, nausea, / in order to free you - men - from killing us, killing us"; "May we go mad together, my sisters".

Instead, the path toward this revolution leads away from confusion and madness, through the joy of working with sisters, of using energy to accomplish something useful (be it ever so far from the final revolutionary solution), into gains in self-respect, clear-headedness and competence. "Lesbian Poem" is the best example of Morgan's ability to do these things. It shows total understanding of the situation and its difficulties, and a

resolution which satisfies both personal and sisterly requirements. "But if there is a next time, by god, / it will not be for that [male respect], / nor will we lie on a plank / in someone's correct political platform, / nor will it be done for abstract female approval / or respect. / It will be because our minds / challenge and delight each other, / and for other qualities I cannot know yet / because they will be hers... We only know we may not disappoint each other / and our two lives allow, / as one feminist cell has said, / for no more fun and games. / There is too much at stake; besides she is myself. / We must be wise."

Carol Morrell

Theatre

The Ride Across Lake Constance

by Peter Handke

Mayfair Theatre

with Jenny Agutter, Faith

Brook, Nickey Henson, Nigel Hawthorne, Alan Howard, Gayle Hunnicutt, Nicola Paget

Peter Handke is a young German novelist and playwright, and this is the first of his plays to be seen in a conventional West End theatrical setting (as opposed to the respectable fringe West End of the Open Space Theatre and the Almost Free where his other plays have been done). It seems in many ways an ironically apt setting for the work of someone whose first work for the theatre was called 'Offending the Audience', one of the aims of which was to shake the bourgeois theatre audience out of its complacency by providing neither characters, plot nor setting; the words in that play were written in the form of a long prose piece broken up into paragraphs, consisting of statements, contradictions, provocations made by the 'actors' about the situation they and the audience were in - and the expectations the audience might be expected to have. When I first saw it performed at Oval House in 1970 by The Other Company, directed by Naftali Yavin, there was little that was offensive about it. In part this was due to the energy and precision of the actors (Catch 22 of Handke's work is that every anti-theatre statement is made as part of a rehearsed theatrical performance... so who's kidding whom?) who were not being physically threatening - a welcome relief after a spate of plays, etc, in which actors assumed that any member of the audience ought to be bowled over with delight at being asked/forced to participate in the action.

Since this early play Handke's scope has widened, and 'The Ride Across Lake Constance' is the most fully developed play to date. It combines the two elements; a highly 'theatrical' setting (upper middle-class drawing room) is the background to a cast of people elegantly dressed, who spend an hour and a half exchanging highly stylised words, actions and gestures which are inconsequential in terms of what we have learned to recog-

nise/expect from character, plot, setting. It is an intellectual's approach to the Theatre of the Absurd, in which, however, appearances never falter, despite any momentary traumas the 'actors' might experience. Again people seem to have trouble both with material objects (a drawer that opens for one person and not another), with each other (when the polite middle-class formalities falter, chaos and madness threatens until a helpful person provides another cliché or formal action to avert the danger) and each with themselves. While going through the motions of communication with others, each character appears to be taking part in a collusive social game, in which everyone agrees to agree that they all know what they're doing, whereas in fact each of them is as lost and bewildered as the next. They are inextricably bound together by the formalities which constrict them.

At this point one begins to wonder what precisely Handke is aiming at. Why, for example, does the play end with a maid coming on holding a grotesque doll over her arm; the doll feels the men's genitals and the women's breasts while they are all immobile. This averts the threat of hysteria and madness coming upon one of the women. How far can one interpret it symbolically, to mean that a solution for the characters is to unlearn all that they have learned (ie, regress to babyhood, self-consciousness starting at the point of sexual self-consciousness - it is the only directly sexual gesture in the play), or can one take it to be apologetic comment on the loss of childhood innocence/primitive consciousness that growing up entails? If the former then Handke is moving towards some resolution of the questions he has raised, if the latter then he is retreating into nostalgia, infantilism. For me, in the theatrically superb performance in the comfort of the Mayfair, the emphasis did appear to incline rather heavily towards the latter interpretation, if only because the alienation from ANY recognised social meaning of words and actions was so complete for all the characters. They were quite clearly unable to revolutionise their relationships with each other, or their understanding of their world, because none of them recognised either of those situations as possibilities. In other words, their self-awareness was used as a defence against the continual encroachment of the 'outside' world, not as a way to



control it.

There is yet a third possibility, which, in its reference back to 'Offending the Audience' might account for some of my ambivalence. Handke's deliberate 'neutrality' (no set, characters, plot, the apparent asexuality of the absurd world he portrays) may be partly intended to set up a series of brittle mirrors against which members of an audience may measure themselves. When they return to their drawing rooms, exchange formal pleasantries, will they begin to see themselves as absurd puppet-like creatures too? And if they do, what will they do then, poor things? Do as the characters do and hurtle into yet another cliché, yet another formal and empty social gesture? Of course we won't know; the evening I saw the performance at the Mayfair no-one squirmed (audibly), only a couple of people walked out, and the rest applauded long and enthusiastically, and I was reminded of the fairy story of the Emperor's Clothes, but this time with no child there to blurt out the truth that the emperor was naked. Handke's real value has so far been in shaking up some of the values of middle class behaviour, using a context where many middle-class people are likely to go - the theatre. It would be interesting to see how other kinds of audience react to his work; and also to see in what direction his meticulously written (down to the stage directions) work will move; backwards to formal infantilism or forwards through the madness and chaos from which he has so far held back.

Michéle Wandor

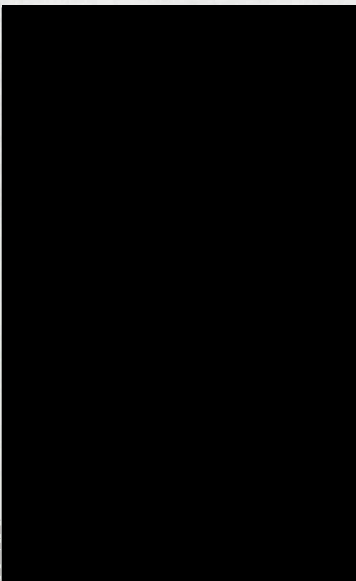
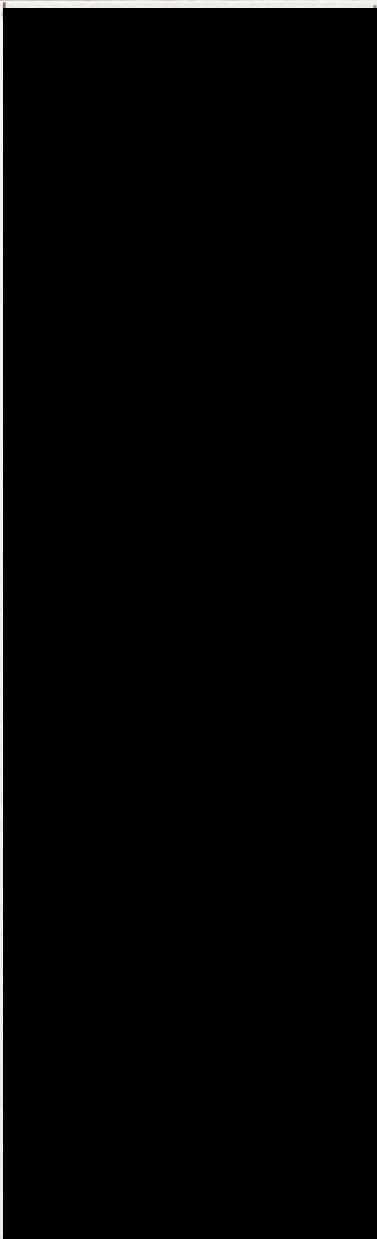
The plays so far are published by Eyre Methuen:

'Offending the Audience' and 'Self-Accusation', hardback 85p, paperback 50p.

'Kaspar', hardback £1.65, paperback 65p.

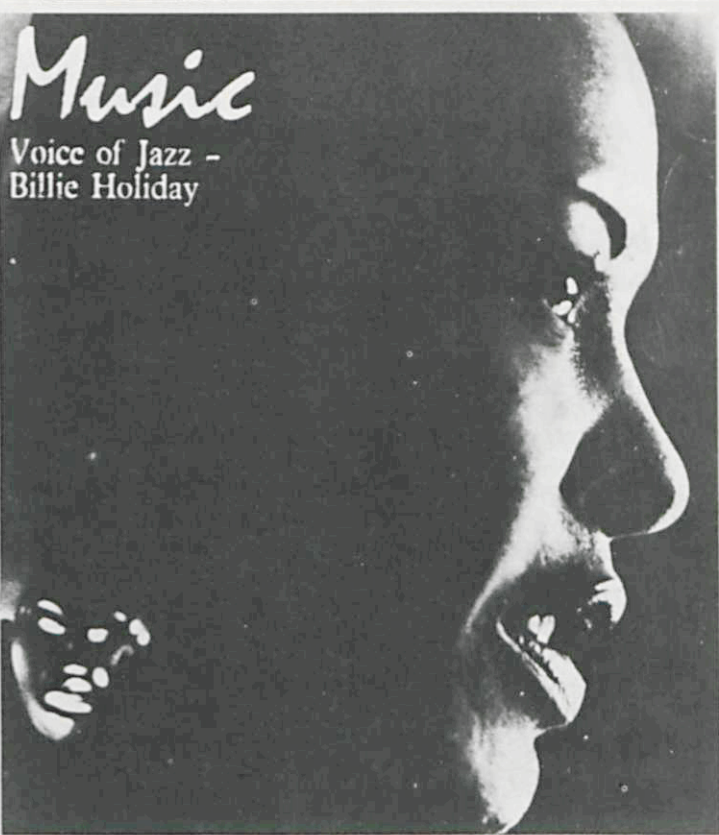
'The Ride Across Lake Constance' hardback £1.60, paperback 70p.

Film



Music

Voice of Jazz -
Billie Holiday



In the past year Polydor have released in the Voice of Jazz series five Billie Holiday albums on Verve price £2.25 each. These recordings cover ten years of her life from 1946 to 1956, marking the period when she had become a solo attraction in her own right, but it is also the period in which Billie's personal life was slipping further into chaos. Her drug addiction was pushed further by the blind attitudes of the authorities who thought the one place for her was jail. Billie contained all the elements of suppression, she had emerged from a background of extreme poverty she was black and she was a woman. She also possessed a unique voice able to contend with all the varying subtleties required by jazz musicians.

Since I did not have Vol.III I can only concentrate on the other four albums. Vol.I contains recordings made in Los Angeles from the years 1946-1952, Vol.II from recordings in L.A. and New York from 1952-1954, Vol.IV was recorded in L.A. in 1955 and Vol.V was recorded in New York in 1956. The lyrics remain much the same from album to album but what I found most striking were the very marked changes in Billie's voice. In Vol.I she is much lighter in her renderings, the backing too appears lighter, she comes over as a young woman not too dogged by the cares of life. For instance 'Trav'lin Light' and 'Strange Fruit' appear in both Vol.I and Vol.V but the difference between the two is startling. Strange Fruit is probably her best known song, and stems from her coming across the hanged body of a fellow brother. As a song against racial brutality I would find it hard to find another so powerful in feeling, but in the second recording in Vol.V the tragedy of the hanged man has become Billie's personal tragedy. Her voice is thicker, less lyrical and the tenor sax is better backing than keyboards. The same occurs with 'Trav'lin Light'. On the first recording she sounds the younger woman who could easily

get over the bitter pathos of the end of a relationship, but in the second she is indeed the lonely woman left in darkness. - 'I'm trav'lin light/no-one to see/I'm free as the breeze/No-one but me/and my memory.

In Vol.II Billie's style changes again. The numbers appear very neat and rounded, perhaps a little too much for me. Maybe this is because Lester Young is no longer playing tenor sax but instead Paul Quinichette tries to pass himself off as Young. Yet the blues songs remain the cry of a woman trapped by her environment, where the easy way out would be to find a man to love, a man willing to go all down the line. 'Who will buy/Who would like to sample my supply/Who's prepared to pay the price/for a trip to paradise' Many of Billie's songs are looking for a romantic solution, an escape from reality, just as the needle was to become her escape.

This continues in Vol.IV. Songs like 'I don't stand a ghost of a chance with you', 'Gone with the Wind', 'When your lover has gone' are again about the failure of woman to find herself, or anyone else for that matter. At some points her voice slows down to such an extent that it seems almost too much effort to finish the song. I think that the words of 'Lady sings the blues' in the final album sums up Billie's life - 'Lady sings the blues/she's got them bad/she sings so sad/And wants the world to know/-Jus' what the blues is all about/Lady sings the blues/She tells herself/-nuthin' to have/now the world will know/Jus' what the blues is all about.'

This fine series managed to capture the essential essence of yet another magic singer who ended her life battered by a world not willing to give her anything but death in a hospital bed alone except for the police waiting to arrest her. Billie made it as a star but the consequences were too great, she died abandoned because she was a woman and she was black.

Julia Shaw

'yeah, he plays with real mammary!'

by Marion Fudger

Country Joe was one of our first visitors when the magazine started almost two years ago. His band was recently here on tour, and I went along to talk to Ginni Whitaker the drummer and Dorothy Moskowitz the keyboards player and vocalist.

M: How did you become involved in Country Joe's band?

D: Our experiences are very different. I began more as a feminist than a musician. I was into politics in the early sixties, I was very active in the Free Speech movement in Berkeley, my association with music was almost totally as a jazz musician and as an experimental artist, and I was more into that than I was into rock 'n' roll at the time. I worked in a group called the new music workshop and I taught in a school called the new left school. Then I had a course in feminism which was an early interest of mine

...

M: A course in feminism?

D: Yes, in 1966. It was more theory than anything else at the time, until the feminist movement, so what I did was, I took Harriet Martineau and another nineteenth century American historian, I've forgotten her name and of course Betty Friedan who was the only person at the time who had written anything that was countable for contemporary taste. Then I went through a whole bunch of magazines, and the work section of the course was examining the media treatment of women. What I felt then was to develop consciousness and since then, consciousness raising has really developed.

M: How did you get to that point? To have thought in terms of a course in feminism in the sixties?

D: I think that Friedan could have had a big effect on me and also I went to a college where that was considered just something else to be interested in. I mean there were friends of mine who were doing a senior thesis on the history of women, so it didn't seem that odd to me. When I came to California, it was very odd, because nobody was interested.

I moved to New York, and the people who were involved in the music workshop decided that the time was ripe to try and do something in rock. We were all involved in electronic music, and we wanted to use both synthesizers and rock 'n' roll. They said why don't you come out and join a band? and I said you're crazy, and they said 'please' and I said you're crazy and they said we'll pay your way and I said I'm coming. And that was the beginning of a band called The United States of America with which I sang for two years. During that time I met Joe, although tonight we had a long discussion about our first meeting and he barely remembers it.

Then that band broke up, and I spent the next two or three years doing studio work and a bit of band work - not very much.

M: What kind of music?

D: My own. I was writing songs of my own, I guess they were good fun for me more than anything else.

M: Did you write your own lyrics?



D: Mostly.

M: When you set out to write a song, did you write it for other women, everyone or for yourself?

D: No. Pretty much for myself really.

M: Were they political?

D: Not intentionally, there were one or two songs which were picked up by women in Los Angeles as having some movement interest, I didn't intend it that way, there was one song called 'Learn to be free' which was totally personal to me and yet it was used by a woman in a film, 18 months-2 years ago, much to my surprise.

M: Not so much of a surprise really, because when a woman writes a lyric, then perhaps it is easier for another woman to identify with it.

D: I don't know if that's so much the case as simply the fact of a woman writing a song being a role model for someone who has never really got the nerve or the opportunity to be a musician. I think there's a big difficulty just in that first step of saying o.k. I'm not somebody's groupie, I'm not here to be seen, so much as to simply express myself. And women are more suspect naturally. I found it very hard to find musicians to jam with, I think Ginni shares this experience of not being accepted as a member of a jam because you're a musician, but because you want to fuck somebody or because you want to play games with somebody, and it's not a problem that any man ever faces when he enters a jam and the only way you can perfect what you're doing is to play with other musicians.

M: How did you overcome that?

D: I became a solo artist, I copped out.

M: You couldn't find any other women musicians to jam with?

D: There were a few, but not many. Then I moved to Berkeley and I was still doing a

solo act which was not paying my living and I met Joe again by happenstance and he called me a few weeks later and I began working with him; that was about a year and a half ago. At the time he called me, he did not say he wanted a piano player who sang, he specified that he wanted a woman piano player who sang.

G: I think he had a good reason for it - for having a woman piano player and a woman drummer - when you think about how many women hear us play, and how many women get pushed from hearing us play. By specifying that he wanted a woman, I don't think he was discriminating, as a lot of bands do, I think it was a matter of wanting to do that extra something for the feminist movement. And he did. He took a chance, as far as everyone else is concerned.

D: He took a step?

G: He took a step that a lot of male musicians I know would not have taken. A lot of musicians I've found, don't want to give you the chance to prove yourself, but once you've done it, then they're ok, they're very cool about it.

M: But that you should have to prove yourself is wrong.

G: Right. That's the thing. When I was living in New York City, I would call up and say, I'm a drummer, I saw your ad and I'm looking for a gig, and they'd say 'no chicks in the band'.

D: Tell how you got to play with the band?

G: How I got in Joe's band? o.k. Well I was playing at the Holiday Inn in Atlanta Georgia, and the drummer who was playing with Joe before had hurt her back and went back to California. Joe asked around for a drummer, preferably a female, and nobody knew one. He finally opened up the yellow pages, and called all the different agencies. When Joe called mine, they gave him my number and he called me back. I was to audition for a week but after the first set on the first night, he asked me to join the band permanently.

D: But the interchange on the phone, if I could interject here, was 'Do you know any good drummers who are available ...'

G: Oh right! go ahead this is true.

D: And the guy said 'Oh no, we don't have any drummers' and Joe said 'you don't have any drummers, no woman drummers?' and the guy said 'Oh yea, wait a minute we have one on the phone'.

G: Really! No drummers, but a woman drummer he had - it was typical of a lot of them. I was in a trio before, just to make money to survive whilst I got my drum lessons and whilst I practised, all three of us had the same attitude.

M: It's funny that drumming, more than any other instrument in a rock band, has a myth around it as being more of a male thing.

G: Oh it's a very masculine trip to a lot of

*He wants a sweet mama to bring sunshine to his house,
Someone who knows how to sew and when to shut her mouth,
He wants a little lady to make him home-made bread,
To wear lots of pretty clothes and give him a little head.*

*Another notch on your cock and you think you're a man,
Another notch on your cock, you got come on the brain.*

(From 'Sexist Pig' by Country Joe McDonald and the All Star Band on their LP 'Paris Sessions' RCA.)

people, because not that many women drummers have had enough quote unquote 'balls' to get up and say well fuck you I really dig drums. When I hear a song, I hear the drums and the bass and that's what I feel. I wanted to learn to play, and a guy said well fine, here's a beat, two months later I was in a band. From then on it's been a struggle, but I have to say that there have been a lot of male musicians that believed in me as a drummer, that helped me carry on. So many guys, they turn to their girl friends and say 'you can't play drums, you're just a girl, you need strength', that's crazy, because it's all in the wrist, and there are a lot of incredible drummers who are smaller than I am.

M: How did you get started?

G: When I was in school I was playing timpany drums and snare drum for one year. About four years later I went out and bought a drum set. I was a mother and a housewife and very straight and I said there's gotta be more to it than this. I went out and heard this band and I just went and bought a drum set, this friend of mine backed me financially and then I learned my first beat, and I started from there. I was lucky to have someone to help me out from the beginning, not many girls are that lucky, not many musicians are that lucky.

It's been really rewarding to me, one of the most rewarding things about it is when... I was playing in a place that's very close to Disneyland called 'Six Flags over Georgia' and a year after I'd played this gig for a whole summer a woman came up to me and said 'you play drums and you played at Six Flags, I heard you play and I went out and bought a drum set' and she's good, she's very good.

D: This is the inspirational thing. I was singing and playing a little bit of keyboard at the Ashgrove in L.A. and one of the waitresses came up to me and said 'I love to watch you, I wish I could play in a band, I want to play bass, but how can I do it, I don't know what the fuck to do' you could just see the frustration. About a year later we met, it was after my band had broken up, I started working with an all woman band named Mildred and she was the bass player with Mildred. Postscript, about a year and a half later I came up to what they call the Bay area, which is San Francisco and its environs and somebody told me that she'd become the leading and most reputed studio bass player in the area.

There's a mystique about being quote a musician that means you have to go to conservatories and pay dues and do this and do that. Yes you have to pay dues, but to get to the point where you're able to pay dues is hard enough, once you're paying dues you're in the club.

G: It's just a matter of doing it. If a girl gets into playing music, then she's gonna get a lot

of really hard knocks, I got into a habit one time of being a little bit macho about it, not in the form of obessional macho, but a real chip on the shoulder like 'I'm not a woman, I'm a musician', and really getting heavy about it to the point where it was really turning off a lot of musicians but the thing to do is just to lay back. In the end, by doing a lot of practising and being very serious about what you're doing, your chops are going to be so good, that the guys are going to sit there and go yea, that's it.

D: Yea, but at this point it's still not a situation where given two musicians, both of whom are competent and original, not necessarily brilliant, the male will get chosen, because the woman will have to prove herself to be that much superior, so the situation is unchanged.

M: At the moment, the point that we're at, possibly more in England, is that if a woman wants to be in a band, and she is accepted, then it's more for novelty value, to liven up the stage act and look good.

G: Oh I've got many gigs because I'm a 'chick', and they'll make more money because of it. They'll make a hundred pounds a week more, and if it's a girl musician instead of a singer, they are going to make a lot of money. But you can utilise that too, because every time you play you're getting better, and if you got the gig because you're a chick - excuse me - (D: a female type of human being) than its all the more of a goof on them, because they're providing an opportunity without even realising it for you to get that much better.

M: Yes, but don't forget that if you are playing with male musicians, you have to cope with their prejudices when all you want to do is be part of the band and contribute to the final sound.

G: If that's the attitude, then you're not there permanently, you're there to get your shit together and the way I look at it is that the most important thing is to play. And when you're playing, nobody wants bad vibes, so they aren't going to be real macho about the fact that you're female; its in their minds and you know its in their minds so you just play.

D: But that's a bit pie in the sky though Ginni. That may be true for you personally, given your talent, but I don't believe that's true for all women musicians - that you've just got to keep plugging at it. It's like telling somebody that's lower class 'well keep working man and someday you'll have a home', when a lot of other people have inherited theirs. That's the feeling I have about women musicians, ok, keep plugging and work away, but there's so many other things that you have to break through. Given a band that's mixed, a new band, men generally have a way of communicating, a way of working, a way of saying, 'let's stop here and do that, lets play this and why don't

we try it this way' and women are generally quieter, a little more reserved, generally psyche things out more, operate on a somewhat different level, not better not worse. Women don't fit into the mould that's been already cast by the rock scene, which involves a certain language. I mean even the way you describe something which sounds good 'it's got balls' there's no other way to describe it.

M: That's something that I've found in doing interviews with women in the music industry, but when I pointed it out they've said 'well how else can I describe it?'

G: Yea, that's the thing.

M: Yet, if you were to say 'well that guy or that musician really has tits', it just sounds ridiculous. Absolutely meaningless.

D: Yea, he plays with real mammary!

(Here the conversation breaks down into laughter all round)

M: It just shows how everyone accepts the expression without question. But do you feel therefore that it is better for a woman to play with other women musicians to start with?

D: Not necessarily. I don't know, I haven't played with that many other women musicians, and the one situation in which I did, I felt intensely to the contrary because the women were not aware of the trip that was being put down upon them by the men surrounding the group, this was Mildred. My last night with Mildred; I hadn't played or rehearsed with them for about two weeks, and I brought my electric organ and I was going to sing. We rehearsed about three or four times a week. One night, well this happened repeatedly, the guitar player's boyfriend was a drummer and he would sit down and show our drummer different ways of playing. One night, it just got out of hand, I spent two and a half hours just waiting for him to get off the fucking drum set, so I packed up my work and I went home.

G: A lot of women in bands that I've played in - all female bands - alot of them are up there to find a husband or just to get laid.

D: Yea, but how many male musicians are in it to get laid though! That's the point, most of them or a lot of them.

G: That's true. So it doesn't make any difference as to whether you're playing with females or males to start off with.

M: How do you feel about the political standpoint of some all women bands who prefer not to play to mixed audiences?

D: It's hard for me to comment on that, divisiveness in any movement is the death of it and that's what I see going down in the States, all the different parts of the movements not talking to each other, the lesbians won't talk to the straights, and the straights won't talk to the Marxists and so on.

M: Makes me feel sad...

D: Pardon me, but I've only been walking



Peter Albin

Dorothy Moscovitz

Ginni Whitaker

Country Joe McDonald

through the streets of London since I got here, and I haven't met that many people but the movement does not seem to be that much in evidence. From the style of dress, from the way women act, there seems to be a conformable image of 'the dolly' or whatever you call it here, that is stronger in public consciousness than I might be in the States. The short hair, the groovy eyes, I wear make-up too, but I mean 'the look', the similarity, the conformity is what bothers me, not the make up or the quantity. That speaks to me of a woman still having a place and being expected to live up to it. I don't think America has such a strong class system as here.

M: Don't forget that you have equal rights and anti-discrimination laws already. I think that the basis for women's consciousness in the States is entirely different, there are certain things that you may take for granted, which we are still fighting for.

I'd really like to visit America soon to see the differences . . .

D: It's not that much better.

G: I have to go upstairs, we're going on in a little while.

M: I heard that at the last gig you did, when you came on, the guys were all whistling and shouting to start with. But as soon as they heard how good you were, they stopped.

G: Yes, that almost always happens.

M: It must be terrible to have to go on each time and go through that.

G: No but the great thing is that they do quiet down, see, so you've won, it's tough, but you block it out.

D: There's a story that Joe tells about me playing at a prison, we do a lot of prison benefits, he claims I didn't take my coat off through the entire gig, but I don't remember it, when things are that bad I just block it out.

D: How do you do prison benefits, how are they set up?

D: Different ways, there are usually intermediaries, in some cases volunteers, a friend of Joe's in California set up a whole series of gigs for us up and down the coast. In New York there's a woman who runs a prisoner organisation herself who happened to know the bass player personally.

M: It's a good thing to do . . . rewarding.

D: It's rewarding after its over, five minutes after I'm off I think 'gosh that was a swell thing to do' but while I'm getting checked in and searched and mauled and maligned and processed, I think 'I'm never going to do it again'.

M: How have your shows in England been going?

D: About two weeks ago we started off very badly at Goldsmiths college, and we were even worse in Norwich and then its been a gradual rise up.

M: What makes a good or a bad show for you?

D: The audience plays a very large role, the sound system and the quality of the sound, whether we are able to tune up, and often that is entirely dependent on keyboard - I don't mean to be self centred - If I were playing a string instrument I would feel that concerned, the bass player cannot tune that well to a piano and as a result things just domino theory and falls apart. We've been having better luck with the instruments that we get lately.

M: When you joined Joe, he already had a record contract did he, with Vanguard?

D: He's had a record contract for years, yes.

M: And when you came in, did you become part of the same contract?

D: No, I recorded for Joe and was reimbursed union scale, in some cases more and in some cases less.

M: So you're like a freelance . . .

D: At this point yes, and I deduct a salary.

M: It's a nice way to be involved, independently.

D: It is, I've had a band of my own, and its more harrowing trying to keep it together, I think all of us in the band, Peter Albin who was with Big Brother, and Joe who was with the Fish before, have had that test where you form a band with all your friends and you share the money and the royalties.

M: What will you do, will you stay with Country Joe and see what happens?

D: I shall probably move on to another band, eventually. I don't know that this band will be working that steadily after this summer, if Joe wants to move to Europe, I still haven't decided what I'm going to do. The opportunities for musicians male or female are more open here I think. I don't know.

M: People have told me there are a lot more women into music in the States.

D: There's Chris Williamson in Marin County, she writes her own music and she has a really clear voice, Penny Nichols in Los Angeles, she's a composer and singer, Wendy Waldon, who I think may well be the biggest star in this coming season, Linda Ronstadt also, she's more into the traditional country music, Judy Sill too, Maria Muldar too who for some reason doesn't have the reputation she should have, Alice Stuart who plays very strong lead guitar. A lot of them still come from the quote 'chick singer' thing, which I was too. A lot of them are also writing and putting bands together, Isis is probably the only strong big band, that has all women, and they have a big horn section and a rangemantal field that doesn't harp back to soloistic approach to music. They are accomplished and sure musicians.

Well I must go up too now.

M: Well, thanks very much for talking to me.

D: Gh I really enjoyed it, besides I need the practice, it's easier for me to sing to a thousand people than to talk to one person on a microphone.

LI SHUANGSHUANG

Xiwan is on his way home from the meeting where his wife, Li Shuangshuang, was elected points recorder, and therefore in charge of his work.



90. Xiwan ran up to Jin Qiao and quietly offered his apologies. Jin Qiao nonchalantly said, "What Shuangshuang proposed was correct and I accept it. However, Xiwan, old fellow, you should keep a rein on that wife of yours. If she carries on like this, she will step on everybody's toes in the village."



91. These words of Jin Qiao struck home. Xiwan hurriedly said, "Of course, of course, you just wait and see. If I can't tame her this time, then I'll... I'll..." He swallowed hard and ran off.



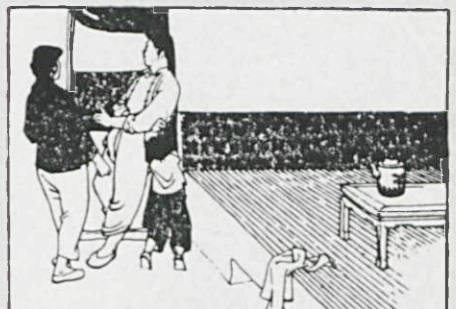
92. When Xiwan got home, Shuangshuang was discussing with old Gengpo the question of using animal power for the water wheel. She had her back to Xiwan and he coughed twice impatiently as he went in.



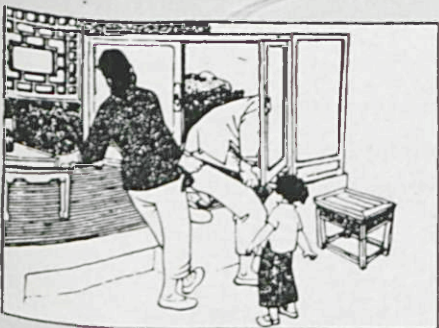
93. Shuangshuang turned around and said gently, "Are you back?" Xiwan put on a stern face. "Hm, team leader. Now that your public duties are over, could you come and do some private business for me?" Shuangshuang thought he was still joking and rolling her eyes at him said, "Oh, look at you."



94. Xiwan was completely serious. "Nobody's joking with you. Go and pack my things." Shuangshuang was suddenly worried. "What, are you going on a trip?" Xiwan stared at the ceiling. "Huh! I'm going to do transportation. I won't rot any more in this house."



95. Shuangshuang was stunned. Xiwan looked hard at her. "From now on our paths won't cross again. You will have fewer big-character posters to write and I will suffer less criticism. Even if you tread on everyone's toes, it won't be my responsibility."



96. Shuangshuang frowned deeply and looked at Xiwan sadly. All he did was to urge her to pack his things. But Shuangshuang did not appear to have heard. Xiwan angrily rolled up his sleeves and packed a blanket and a few clothes into a bundle.



97. Shuangshuang whipped the bundle away and said, "You can't go! Now that I'm team leader, I really need your help. Look at it from my point of view. I can't..." She put her head on Xiwan's shoulder and began to cry.



98. Xiwan softened. "If I'm staying, we must establish a few rules." Surprisingly, Shuangshuang agreed.

Li Shuangshuang

Absolutely no one has commented on Li Shuangshuang. We decided to print the comic because it illustrated the problems, and ways of solving them, involved in collective work. We also felt it was quite honest, especially the way it charted the emotional lives of the group.

But if the points get lost in this fragmented reading of the story, we could use an extra page in the magazine to print more letters. Unless requests pour in, we will stop the comic and send xerox copies (expensive, they'll cost £2) of the rest of Li Shuangshuang to anyone who's desperate to follow it to the end.



99. Pleased with himself, Xiwan sat down on the kang, crossed his legs, and said, "Now that you are a cadre, you must use your head before you open your mouth. Don't chatter like a machine gun. From now on, only say what you have to say and don't say anything you shouldn't." Shuangshuang nodded and said, "All right, that's one rule."



100. Raising a second finger, Xiwan said, "You are the leader of the women's team; just concern yourself with matters affecting production." Shuangshuang thought a bit and said, "That's all right as well, whatever happens I'll look after whatever I ought to do."

Is it fair to force your baby to smoke cigarettes?



This is what happens if you smoke when you're pregnant.

Every time you inhale you fill your lungs with nicotine and carbon monoxide.

Your blood carries these impurities through the umbilical cord into your baby's bloodstream.

Smoking can restrict your baby's normal growth inside the womb.

It can make him underdeveloped and underweight at birth.

Which, in turn, can make him vulnerable to illness in the first delicate weeks of his life.

It can even kill him.

Last year, in Britain alone, over 1,500 babies might not have died if their mothers had given up smoking when they were pregnant.

If you give up smoking when you're pregnant your baby will be as healthy as if you'd never smoked.



The Health Education Council

Page	Title	Author	Rights
1	Nemone Lethbridge, Ragnar and Milo at Highbury Fields	Cockerton, Clive	Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Nemone Lethbridge, Ragnar and Milo at Highbury Fields. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
3	Envelope addressed to Spare Rib		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Envelope addressed to Spare Rib. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
4	Letters		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for this item. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
6	Letters		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for this item. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
7	Masturbation - no longer a refuge	Rowe, Marsha	Usage Terms: © Marsha Rowe
8	Masturbation - no longer a refuge	Rowe, Marsha	Usage Terms: © Marsha Rowe
9	Masturbation - no longer a refuge	Rowe, Marsha	Usage Terms: © Marsha Rowe
10	The Stuff of Dreams	Morrell, Carol	Usage Terms: © Carol Morrell
11	The Stuff of Dreams	Morrell, Carol	Usage Terms: © Carol Morrell
12	The Stuff of Dreams	Morrell, Carol	Usage Terms: © Carol Morrell
12	dreamscape	Prior, Angela	Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for dreamscape. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
12	Masturbation - no longer a refuge	Rowe, Marsha	Usage Terms: © Marsha Rowe
13	Nursery Nurses. We Want our own union	Gilchrist, Lucy	Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Nursery Nurses. We Want our own union. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
14	Nursery Nurses. We Want our own union	Gilchrist, Lucy	Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Nursery Nurses. We Want our own union. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
14	Lucy Gilchrist		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Lucy Gilchrist. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
			Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate

15	Nursery Nurses. We Want our own union	Gilchrist, Lucy	the copyright holder for Nursery Nurses. We Want our own union. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
16	Westward TV decided to have a studio discussion programme on Women's Liberation.	Ades, Rose	Usage Terms: © Rose Ades
16	TV cameras		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for TV cameras. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
17	Postscript to Baby Blues	Lethbridge, Nemone	Usage Terms: © Nemone Lethbridge
17	masturbation - no longer a refuge		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for masturbation - no longer a refuge. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
18	Women in Struggle: The Strike at Mansfield Hosiery	Bunsee, Bennie	Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Women in Struggle: The Strike at Mansfield Hosiery. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
18	The picket line	Socialist Worker	Usage Terms: © Socialist Worker newspaper. This item can be used for private study, non-commercial research and educational purposes only. You may not use this work for any commercial purpose.
19	Women in Struggle: The Strike at Mansfield Hosiery	Bunsee, Bennie	Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Women in Struggle: The Strike at Mansfield Hosiery. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
19	Loughborough hosiery workers strike		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Loughborough hosiery workers strike. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
19	Letters		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for this item. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
20	Our Mothers, Our Selves	Scott, Ann	Usage Terms: © Ann Scott. This item can be used for private study, non-commercial research and educational purposes only. You may not use this work for any commercial purpose.
20	Helen		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Helen. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have

			regarding this item.
21	Our Mothers, Our Selves	Scott, Ann	Usage Terms: © Ann Scott. This item can be used for private study, non-commercial research and educational purposes only. You may not use this work for any commercial purpose.
21	Our Mothers, Our Selves	Scott, Ann	Usage Terms: © Ann Scott. This item can be used for private study, non-commercial research and educational purposes only. You may not use this work for any commercial purpose.
21	Mary		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Mary. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
21	Lynn		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Lynn. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
22	Our Mothers, Our Selves	Scott, Ann	Usage Terms: © Ann Scott. This item can be used for private study, non-commercial research and educational purposes only. You may not use this work for any commercial purpose.
22	Why Isn't Miss Middlesex a Man?	Scott, Ann	Usage Terms: © Ann Scott. This item can be used for private study, non-commercial research and educational purposes only. You may not use this work for any commercial purpose.
22	Ms.	Bano, Shireen	Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Ms. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
23	Economics	Gardiner, Jean	Usage Terms: © Jean Gardiner
26	The Ones That Got Away ...	Fairbairns, Zoe	Usage Terms: © Zoe Fairbairns
27	The Ones That Got Away ...	Fairbairns, Zoe	Usage Terms: © Zoe Fairbairns
27	Overseas column	Ullveit-Moe, Tracy	Usage Terms: © Tracy Ullveit-Moe
27	ACTT Research into Discrimination		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for ACTT Research into Discrimination. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
28	The Mythology of Shoplifting	Kirby, Judy	Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for The Mythology of Shoplifting. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this

			item.
28	Chain stores are too heavy!	Edney, Margaret	Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Chain stores are too heavy! Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
28	Short List		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for this item. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
29	"Jealousy" by Edvard Munch		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for "Jealousy" by Edvard Munch. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
30	Print Your Own	Gilbert, Stephanie	Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Print Your Own. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
30	Various drawings		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Various drawings. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
31	Print Your Own	Gilbert, Stephanie	Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Print Your Own. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
31	Various drawings		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Various drawings. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
32	Working The Law	Phillips, Angela	Usage Terms: © Angela Phillips. This item can be used for private study, non-commercial research and educational purposes only. You may not use this work for any commercial purpose.
33	Letters		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for this item. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
34	Examination by doctor		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Examination by doctor. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
35	Medical examination	Reiner	Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Medical examination. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.

36	Underground Women	Pollock, Griselda	Usage Terms: © Griselda Pollock
36	Negro Women	Benoist, Marie-Guilhemine	Usage Terms: Public Domain
37	Underground Women	Pollock, Griselda	Usage Terms: © Griselda Pollock
37	A boy and a girl with cat		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for A boy and a girl with cat. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
37	Self-Portrait	Vigee-Lebrun, Elizabeth	Usage Terms: Public Domain
38	Underground Women	Pollock, Griselda	Usage Terms: © Griselda Pollock
38	Horse Fair	Bonheur, Rosa	Usage Terms: Public Domain
39	Underground Women	Pollock, Griselda	Usage Terms: © Griselda Pollock
39	Summer Day	Morisot, Berthe	Usage Terms: Public Domain
39	Portrait of a man	van Hermessen, Katerina	Usage Terms: Public Domain
39	Portrait of a man	Carriera, Rosalba	Usage Terms: Public Domain
40	Marilyn by Norman Mailer	Jane-Birley, Veronica	Usage Terms: © Veronica Jane Birley
40	3x photos of Marilyn from the book		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for 3x photos of Marilyn from the book. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
41	The Silent Majority: A Study of the workign class in post war British fiction	Rowbotham, Sheila	Usage Terms: © Sheila Rowbotham
41	boy in shorts		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for boy in shorts. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
41	Richard Harris in This Sporting Life possibly		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Richard Harris in This Sporting Life possibly. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
41	Monster. Poems by Robin Morgan	Morrell, Carol	Usage Terms: © Carol Morrell
42	Monster. Poems by Robin Morgan	Morrell, Carol	Usage Terms: © Carol Morrell
42	The Ride Across Lake Constance	Wandor, Michelene	Usage Terms: © Michelene Wandor
42	Nicky Henson		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Nicky Henson. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
43	The Ride Across Lake Constance	Wandor, Michelene	Usage Terms: © Michelene Wandor
43	still from Forty Carats		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for still from Forty Carats. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.

43	Voice of Jazz - Billie Holiday	Shaw, Julia	Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Voice of Jazz - Billie Holiday. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
43	album cover Voice of Jazz - Billie Holiday		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for album cover Voice of Jazz - Billie Holiday. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
44	"Year, he plays with real mammary!"	Fudger, Marion	Usage Terms: © (now) Marion Gilbert
45	"Year, he plays with real mammary!"	Fudger, Marion	Usage Terms: © (now) Marion Gilbert
46	"Year, he plays with real mammary!"	Fudger, Marion	Usage Terms: © (now) Marion Gilbert
46	Country Joe McDonald and band		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Country Joe McDonald and band. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
47	Li Shuangshuang		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Li Shuangshuang. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.